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A
SATYR
UPON
King *WILLIAM*;
BEING THE
Secret History
OF HIS
LIFE and REIGN.

Written by a Gentleman that was
near his Person for many Years.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1703.

political Tracts from 1703 to 1710

SATYR

1803

King-William

BEING THE

Secret History



LIFE AND REIGN

Written by a Gentleman, who was
nearly his personal attendant

By James Oglethorpe

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1803

THE PREFACE.

NOT long since, an Ingenious Gentleman Writ a Panegyrick on George Lord Jefferies, (one of the worst of Men) for Hanging so many in the West; and I'm here attempting a SATYR on King William, that has been accounted (by some) one of the Best.

I shall find it a hard matter to beat an ill Opinion of K. William into the Souls of those who tell us, That he was Born a Hero; That his Mind was vast and comprehensive, His Imagination fruitful and sprightly, His Memory large and tenacious, His Thoughts wise and secret, His Words few, but comprehensive, His Actions many and brave; That he was always the same, whether in good or bad Fortune; That he was the Rightfulest King that ever Sat upon the Throne, as being set up by the same Hands which

The Preface.

made the first King, and will make the last ; That he was the Choice both of God and the People, and the very Darling of Heaven ; That he had a Title to the Crown (as was said of his Royal Consort) even in Nature and superior Merit, before he wore it ; That he Maintain'd the Church of England, without Persecuting the Dissenters ; That he was Religious without Superstition, Just without Rigour, Merciful without Partiality, Cautious without Fear, Valiant without Rashness, Great without Pride, Conscientious in all Relations, Master of the Affections of his People, and Master of Himself ; and in a word, That he carry'd on the Noble Designs of Heaven, in raising up Oppressed Virtue, in securing the Protestant Religion, and in procuring Rest and Happiness to the World : And (say these Sticklers for K. William) He was thus Meritorious without Thanks.

This is the Character the Williamites give of their Dutch Hero, and (if'twill atone for the many Failings I shall find in him) I will add to it, That he Dy'd as he liv'd, serious and compos'd, intirely acquiescing in the Divine Will, and concern'd for nothing, but that he
could

The Preface.

could Serve his People no longer. And
I will farther add, (for I will give his
Vertues their due Praise, that where I
Satyrize I may be thought Impartial)
‘ K. William brought with him more real
‘ Glory to the English Throne, than it
‘ was possible he should receive from it;
‘ That he was, (as the New Mausole-
‘ um Erecting to his Memory tell us) the
‘ Wonder and the Darling of Europe
‘ before ever he wore a Crown; and I can’t
‘ deny but it will henceforward be an ad-
‘ ditional Glory to any one that shall Sit
‘ upon the English Throne, that so Great
‘ a King once had his Seat there. Her
Majesty being of this Opinion, declares in
her first Speech to the Privy Council; My
Lords, I am extreamly sensible of the
general Misfortune of these Kingdoms,
in the Unspeakable Loss of the King.
--- ’Twas this made both Houses of Parlia-
ment so often to Thank His Majesty for
Delivering them from Popery and Sla-
very, and to vindicate his Honour with
respect to those Scandalous Papers which
were falsely said to be found in his Closet
after his Death — And for this reason
the Duke of Queensberry was pleas’d to
declare, that While Religion and Liber-
ty

The Preface.

ty are in any Value, K. William's Memory must be in Perpetual Honour----

And 'tis said the City of London intend to Erect his Statue in Marble, to Perpetuate (as they call 'em) his Matchless Vertues to the End of Time.

Thus far I agree with the Williamites (but no farther) in the Character they give of their King.

Now, if K. William be thus Accomplish'd, perhaps his Friends (that don't know him so well as I) will be ready to say, We challenge any (even the rankest Jacobite) to Blacken this Glorious Prince, or to shew us one Spot in his whole Life.

To this I Answer: Tho' a Satyr on K. William will be too gross a Matter to slip down any Man's Reason who had not before (like a Jacobite-Protestant) enlarg'd his swallow with plain Contradictions; yet I can't help it, (tho' his Friends shou'd heap up his Praise to the Sky) if this Hogan Mogan be the Subject of this Inconsistence, for my Talent lies in finding of Faults, and what care I if his late Majesty be admir'd by all the World but my self.

I own

The Preface.

I own K. VVilliam deserves the Glorious Character his Friends give him, (I confess this, that the Errors I shall find in him may the more Disgrace him) But tho' I own his Merit, yet (still) I wish it less; and shall therefore turn all the venom of my Ink and Soul, to Blacken his Life and Reign.

I know this Satyr upon K. VVilliam will be a great Surprise to his Friends, especially to those who almost adore him; but A Cat may Look on a King; and I an't afraid to tell the World K. VVilliam was no Angel.

When Reflections were once made before Queen Mary of the sharpness of some Historians who had left heavy Imputations on the Memory of some Princes, she answer'd, 'That if those Princes were truly such as the Historians represented them, they had well deserv'd that Treatment; and others who tread their Steps might look for the same; for Truth wou'd be told at last.

I own Lies are sooner believ'd than Truth; for Truth seeketh Corners, as suspecting her Judge, tho' never as fearing her Cause: However, 'tis my love to Truth, and the Opportunities I had to discover

The Preface.

discover the Secrets of his late Majesty, that made me Write the following Sheets; in which, (tho' I snarle at his Innocence where I find nothing else to Satyrize) I am equally Impartial to his Vices and Vertues; having no other End in this Publication, but to undeceive the World. 'Tis true, some Men have found out a way to Canonize those for Saints, whom the Justice of the Nation hath Condemn'd for Traytors; and there be others, that meerly to gratifie their Ill-nature, Rake up all the Scandals of Mens Lives, give a Malicious Turn to every Thing, and Libel every Body, without respecting the Sacred Majesty of Princes: And they are full as base, who Invited over the Pr. of Orange, and to his Face call'd him Their Great Deliverer, but have since his Death forgot every Word on't. Nor have any of Appollo's Tribe Strung their Harps, or Sung Lachrymæ on the Grave of their Great Patron, save the Noble M—gue, the Ingenious Stennet, and the Immortal Dennis.

Then let none be surpriz'd that I Publish a Satyr on K. VVilliam; for I wou'd ask the Dean of St. P — what is Publishing no Funeral Sermon on K. VVilliam's

The Preface:

William's Death (as he did on Q. Mary's)
but a Temporizing Satyr against him?

What is our Livery-mens crowding and
bunching so much at Elections, but a Satyr
on his Restoring their Rights?

What is Sa——el's Talking so high for
the Church, but a Satyr on his Modera-
tion?

And what is T——s writing no Elegy
on K. William, but an ungrateful Satyr
on his Royal Master? Or in other words,
a Drinking a Health to Sorrel: Yes, sure
enough, such Men as these

Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown,
And drink the Horse's Health that threw
him down.

So that the Frolick has gone round, and
every Man (either by neglecting the Me-
mory of his Benefactor, or by acting coun-
ter to that Moderation he prais'd in him)
has made a Satyr against him; as if
they'd have us believe all the Blessings of
his Life are turn'd into Curses since his
Death.

And others (tho' not so Ungrateful
as these) are peremptory in their Asser-
tions, and impose on the World their Con-
a jectures

The Preface.

lectures for real Truth: My Business therefore in this Satyr is to find out Truth, and to speak it, whether it be for, or against the Person I would now Satyrize.

William the Third is now as Dead as William I. and as he is gone, (and his Family extinct with him) I can be under no temptation to Flatter him; and considering how near I was to his Person, my bare relating Matter of Fact, will be Satyr enough against him: I say, will be Satyr enough. For they are much mistaken, who think the Care of Princes is sufficiently Rewarded with the Wealth and Beauty of their Crowns: It is that, together with the Errors they are led into (by designing Favourites) which Torments and makes 'em Unhappy.

But perhaps you'll say, That as Kings must See and Hear by the Eyes and Ears of other People, this makes it their Misfortunes, more than their Crimes, that they do amiss.

To this I Answer, Their little kind of short-liv'd Felicity, is all envelop'd with Error, and Hazards; Treason and Mistakes are the close Attendants of Majesty; and as Princes are (often) corrupted by those about 'em; so they have great Falls

The Preface.

Falls and Descents ; their Precipice is from steep Rocks and Mountains ; They fall from Heaven to Earth ; and when they are Dead, even Pages of the Back-Stairs dare Satyrize Crown'd Heads.

Thrones are very uncertain ; they are tottering and unsteady ; the Royal Diadem twinkles, and is not so solid, and dazzling, but a fix'd and sharp Eye may look through it, and see its Spots and Blemishes in the very Noon of its Glory. The Purblind People (which can't see into the Secrets of Princes) are much amused and stricken with the little glitterings of Honour ; they lift up their Hands and Eyes, and are Elevated ; they Adore and Worship the King, but they know nothing what Turmoils and Difficulties, what Fears and Jealousies perplex him. Crowns are not so Massy and Ponderous, as they are Weighty and Burdensome.

Our Gracious Queen being sensible of this, was pleas'd to say in her first Speech, That she was extreamly sensible of the great Weight and Burthen the Un-speakable Loss of the King brought, in particular, upon Herself ; which she is pleas'd to say, Nothing cou'd encourage her to undertake, but the great

The Preface.

concern she had for the Preservation of our Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of her Country.

The Dim-sighted Vulgar do not see the the Thorns and Thistles that attend Crowns, for those little Beams of Glory which surround them. The Purple of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but oftentimes it is lined with Nettles and Brambles, with Stiletto's and Daggers: And as the Splendor of a Crown is subject to a thousand Hazards, so the Person of a King is subject to a thousand Errors.

But here K. V William's Friends will be ready to say, That the Respect that is due to a Crown'd Head, oblige us not to aggravate the Misfortunes (or Errors) of his late Majesty, but rather cast a Veil over all his Failings.

To this I Answer — I profess my self a Disciple of that Great Man, who being ask'd by Heliogabalus, how he durst be so Plain? Because, said he, I dare Die: I can but Die if I speak the Truth, and I must Die if I Flatter. And therefore, tho' there is great Respect due to a Head that has wore a Crown; yet as the Quality of the Person aggravates the Crime; so, should the Failings we see in a King
escape

The Preface.

escape Reflection, the malicious World will say, (and that justly too) that Justice is not fairly hood-wink'd, but makes a shift to get a glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares one more than another; That all this Noise about a Reformation, is only 'bout Little Sinners, while the Man of Quality may still take what Liberty he himself pleases.

'Tis this (Impartial) Regard to the Errors of Men that makes me attempt to Blacken K. William's Memory; and I hope to prove him as Bad as the Devil cou'd make him. Indeed his Friends say he cou'd never tempt him to a base Thing; yet I prove in the following Satyr, that all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) Digress in all the Ways of their Lives; (even Life itself is nothing else but Digression) and for this reason, were I a Williamite, I wou'd cast all the Failings of his late Majesty into the great heap of Humane Error. But however Charitable I am to others, I have such an Aversion to William the Third, that I heartily wish and pray, (with one that hates him as much as my self) That our Gracious Queen, and all those who Succeed Her, may so far out-shine Him

in

The Preface.

in all Vertue and Success, that his very Memory may shrink into as little a compass as some desire it should: And may the Lustre of her Name so far out-shine the Glory of King William, that the Memory of his Greatest Actions may be forgotten.

'Tis true, K. William Deliver'd us all from Popery and Slavery, and was the first King on the English Throne that promoted a Reformation of Manners. But tho' King William signally Retriev'd the ancient Honour and Glory of the English Nation; yet as his Death made way for a Queen whose Heart is Entirely English, and in a most particular manner a Nursing Mother to the Church of England, we may (with a good Conscience) Rejoice in it, and wish he had died sooner.

However Satyrical this may look upon K. William, (and upon those Few Clergy-men that Condol'd his Death in Funeral Sermons) yet there's reason enough for this Unnatural Joy, if we consider, the Humbling the French Tyrant (who Contemptuously said, It was but a WOMAN had Declar'd War against him) seems to be an Honour reserv'd Only for Queen ANNE.

John

The Preface.

I own K. William laid the Plan of this Glorious Conquest, and that if we follow his Brave Example, our Army will soon put Lewis Le-Grand into a Sweat.

It was William the Third that first set the Wheels (of our Deliverance) a going, or our Bodies had been now Broiling in Smithfield, and our Quarters adorning the City Gates; yet I won't lessen his Fame in this Undertaking, did not the Archbishop assure us, When we had no prospect but of sinking under Popery and Arbitrary Government; yet then he rais'd up our late King and Queen of Glorious Memory, to Rescue us from our Dangers, and to Secure us in the Possession of all that was Dear and Valuable. — And tho' (continues this Great Prelate) it hath pleas'd God to deprive us of these two great Blessings, in taking to himself first our Incomparable Queen, and now lately our King, yet such is his Goodness, that he hath preserv'd to us another Branch of the same Royal Stock (a Sister of our never-to-be-forgotten Queen) to repair our Losses.

The Preface.

So that we may Warrantably rejoice in K. William's Death, as it sets the Crown on the Head of a Queen that was (Providentially) reserv'd to Perfect that Reformation which he but begun.

But his Friends tell us, Had he Reign'd longer, perhaps he had pleas'd every Body, and made the Nation extream Happy.

To this I Answer : This is but a thin Fig-leaf to cover K. William's Failings; for I might Reply to this, If Nero himself had Died in the beginning of his Reign, or before his Quinquennium was run out, he had been rank'd among the best Emperors, and been look'd upon to be little inferior to Titus himself.

But (say his Friends) supposing King William Guilty of real Defects; yet where the Good preponderates, we shou'd not run, as peccant Humours, to the Tumour to inflame it.

To this I Answer : Some Mens Prejudices, Passions, Ignorance, Malice, or Bigotry, have taught them often to invent, believe, or catch at Failings in K. William, where they really knew none : But 'tis no Argument, because some Men (who perhaps never heard him Speak) have Mis-

The Preface.

Misrepresented his late Majesty, that I shou'd be ignorant of him, who was near his Person for many Years; and ('tis clear by the following Satyr) was Privy to his Secret Actions, which being Notorious, I have made K. William as Black as his worst Enemies can (in Reason) desire.

I own, those that can't find in their Hearts to forget the late Revolution, and thought K. William (as he call'd himself) A common Father to all his People, will Read with Indignation that K. William was hardly cold in his Death-bed, when Malice endeavour'd to Blast his Name, but the case is alter'd; for by being a High-Flyer, I am now above the Wrath of Disbanded Dissenters, the very Devil himself (who Tuch—n says puts in for a Vacancy) can't frustrate my End in Publishing this Satyr: For, (as the World goes) what do I care to Oblige the Whigs; 'tis enough for me that the turning K. William's Vertues into a Satyr will please his Enemies, (I mean) those Fiery Sons of the Church, who now sling about their Bombs and Granado's against the Fanaticks, as if they were Storming a Conventicle.

The Preface.

I hope this Satyr on K. William will be no less acceptable to such as Reverence True History; for I do not only endeavour to find a Flaw in every Vertue which (his Friends say) he possess'd; but I also expose the very Secrets of his Life and Reign; especially those of his Closet, Bed-Chamber, and Cabinet-Council.—I shall also insert all his Private Speeches and Sayings, from his Birth to his Death.

So that this Satyr sets K. William in a new Light, finds such (Invisible) Faults in his Conduct as no Man ever saw but my self; and is a Secret History of his Life and Reign.

'Tis true, upon a strict Observation of the Life and Actions of K. William, I cou'd never find he Swore an Oath, that he ever Dissembl'd, or (like his Predecessors) ever accusom'd himself to any vain Expression: And he was a Prince of that strict Temperance, that he never Drank to Excess.

As for that Unnatural Vice which some said he was addicted to, (to my certain knowledge) he was as free from it, as Lot when he left Sodom. If any affirm he was guilty of that more Natural Sin, of Loving a Woman, let him Read his
last

The Preface.

last Speech to the Parliament, wherein he says, I hope what Time can be spared will be employ'd about those other desir'd Things which I have so often Recommended from the Throne; I mean, the forming some good Bills for Employing the Poor, for Encouraging Trade, and the farther Suppressing Debauchery, And in his Speech he made to the Parliament (Dec. 3. 1697.) he tells 'em, He shall place the Glory of his Reign in Defending their Religion, Laws, and Liberties: And (then adds) I shall make it my Endeavour Effectually to Suppress Prophaneness and Immorality, and to Encourage Piety and Vertue.

He that Reads this Excellent Speech, and still believes K. William Unchaste, we may conclude him endu'd with just such a convenient Portion of Sense as wou'd go to the making a Jacobite.

By these Discoveries it appears that William the Third, (as if he were not made of Flesh and Blood) did not make one Sensual (or False) Step in his whole Reign; and that his Life was one continued study for the Good of his People.

The Preface.

But tho' K. William was thus Refin'd in his Morals, yet still he deserves the following Satyr for Humanum est Errare, and therefore as Man he cou'd not be Faultless. — 'Tis true, the worst thing I can say of him is, That he was a Man; for had he been a Woman, the very Sex wou'd have oblig'd me to ha' thought him an Angel: But he was a Man, and that alone includes so many and such great Imperfections, that having made a narrow search into his Conversation, I shall make him as Black as a Man (quatenus, a Man) can be.

I own K. William's Vertues were as Bright and Universal as the Sun; but Hypparchion (for which he was struck Blind) cou'd find Motes in the Sun itself. I may hope to find as many Blots in K. William's Manhood. I own, Plutarch (that Father of Morality) esteems him that can moderate his Affections to be half Vertuous; and he that has sovereign command over his Passions, to be a Perfect Man. But as these Days go, we take such to be Good Men (with Cicero) as have only appearance of Vertue in them. Such living Perfection was too absolute for K. William. 'Twas the saying of a late

The Preface.

late Author, That Inferior Vertues were good enough for Iron-Ages. Most think, if (with Balaam) they desire to die the death of the Righteous, it is enough they think, (like very Men as they are) no matter for the Interim of their Lives.

But the Admirers of K. William will be ready to say, Tho' he might Transgress as he was a Man, yet (consider him) as King, and he cou'd not Err.

To this I Answer — I am very sensible that none can hope to make their Court to our Gracious Queen, by aspersing the Memory of our late Sovereign: For it must be acknowledg'd, that as Queen ANNE was eminently Instrumental in the late Revolution; so Her Government stands upon the same Basis with that of King William. Neither is the bringing the Illustrious House of Hanover into the Succession any new Project in the Year 1700, since not only his late Majesty, (with consent of our Present Queen) but most of the Lords, and many of the Commons, stickled for it eleven Years before. But tho' Princes are Demi-Gods, yet if we rake in their Ashes, we shall find them Men: No Man is so Great or Holy but may Err. I own, for a King

The Preface.

to have his Honour darkned, is ten times worse than for an habitual Sinner to die upon the Gallows; yet it must be own'd, that a Man (by being a King) makes his Failings the more Notorious: For a black Spot is quickly discern'd in a Beautiful Face; and the Sun is more gaz'd at in one Hour when Eclipsed, than in seven Years when she Shines brightly. So that as Greatness with Goodness sets off the Lustre of Vertue, so it makes Vice more apparent: And this is so evident by the following Satyr, that King William's Friends will be forc'd to acknowledge it, if they Read it through. — Yet I must so far Satyrize my own Satyr, as freely to own, were K. William any thing else but a Man, I shou'd think him Perfect. However, the Best of Men (for so the Williamites call him) are but Men at the best; and therefore by defecting K. William's Breast, (that I may shew where the Defects of Humanity reside) I shall do good Service to the English Nation, since the best way to avoid Error, is to know it.

This is the Subject of the ensuing Satyr (which perhaps will amuse both Friends and Enemies) but is Written with such a Nice

The Preface.

Nice respect to Truth, that I have inserted nothing in it, but what I am able to prove.

Were this *Satyr* Writ by a Friend of his late Majesty, I shou'd suspect his Partiality wou'd blind him to his chief Failings; but I have discover'd what I was Privy too; and have added to it the Secret Memoirs of some Noted Favourites to the late King; who had the honour frequently to have his Ear.

But tho' the design of the following *Satyr* is to expose the Secrets and Failings of his late Majesty, yet I am willing to own, that whatever Curtains of Night-work I draw over his Throne, whatever Dirt I cast into his Courts, there will come a Time, when the Name of K. William will be as the pouring out of a sweet Ointment, and the bruising of evaporating Spices. Then will our Annals be perfum'd with his Memory, when all the Honour we can do him will be to glory in his Relicks, and make much of his Ashes. Then the Children of those who will not now give him a good Word, shall think him worthy of Incence.

But

The Preface.

But if the Williamites shou'd be so Ungrateful, as not to Erect a Pyramid in Remembrance of him, (who Rescu'd their Religion and Liberties from the Jaws of Ruine and Destruction) all that I can say, is, That I shall then consent, that even this Satyr upon him may be a lasting Monument of his Fame. But I am willing to be thought his Enemy (and will vindicate this Satyr) till such time the Williamites prove ungrateful; for why may not the Author of these Papers (like the rest of the World) adore the Rising Sun.

I shall Only add — When I first enter'd upon this Satyr (tho' the Subject pleas'd me) yet not knowing but some might condemn it to Die as soon as Born, and perhaps such that were no Enemies to the real Design of the Author; the fear of this made me reflect on a pretty passage very like this, of a Book Written in the last Age, to prove Women had no Souls; wherein were amass'd up Scriptures, Authorities, and Reasons, to prove the Assertion, and all the Arguments to the contrary, Answer'd. This was the Face of the Book, but the real Design was to expose the Arguments of the Socinians against

The Preface.

gainst the Divinity of our Saviour, by making use of all their Topicks in the proof of this Ridiculous Assertion, and solving all those brought against it in the same manner they were accustom'd to do, as plainly appear'd to those who look'd close enough into it. However, some good honest Man there was who happen'd upon the Book, (as perhaps some Williamites may do upon this Satyr) and not seeing through it, conceiv'd a mighty Indignation against the Person who endeavour'd to propagate such an Antiquated Heresie, and sets himself in good earnest to write an Answer to it, to prevent the Mischief it might do in the World: Wherein he did very gravely Refel all the Authorities, and Reasons that Wag had laid together.

I scarce think this Satyr on K. William will meet with the same Fate. But that none may be scar'd with a Title-Page, and now and then the Word Satyr in fearful great Characters and a Black Letter, I have here led the World by the Nose into the Design thereof; and by this Preface let the Reader (if he is not a stark Fool) into the Sence of this so unintelligible a Work.

SATYR
UPON
King WILLIAM, &c.

T*his on several accounts dangerous to give a True Character of a Living Prince* †, for it must necessarily be either Good, or Bad; if Good, it will carry with it the appearance of fulsome Flattery, and be ungrateful to the Commended Sovereign: For by how much the more they deserve, so much the less do they (generally) desire to be Applauded: And if the Character be Bad, who will dare to speak it out, while Princes are arm'd with Power to do us so much Good, or Hurt, according as they are either pleas'd

† See Mr. Robinson's Sermon on the Death and Funeral of the late King.

• A Satyr upon King William.

or displeas'd? And by how much the worse they are, so much the less can they bear to be told it. But when they are remov'd out of the World, and Death has brought 'em upon a common Level with the rest of Mankind, every one will then take a greater freedom of Speech, and venture to say what was True, and what they did believe before, tho' it was not fit to be spoken sooner.

'Tis this emboldens me to attempt the the Writing a Satyr upon K. William; in which (for Method sake) I shall first treat of the Imperfections of his Body: And next, display those of his Mind.

And here, that I may do equal Justice both to his Vertues and Vices,

I shall first relate what King William's Friends say of his Vertues.

I shall next shew, how far I agree with his Friends, in what they say in his Praise.

And, that my Satyr may be as keen as possible,

I shall conclude each Head, with exposing all the Flaws I find in every one of his Vertues.

For tho' his Friends tell us, All the Vertues met and combin'd in his Royal Person, to Reform the Age, and to vanquish the Forces

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A Satyr upon King William. 3

ces of Sin and Darknes; yet upon a narrow search into his Life and Reign, I shall find such Failings to Expose in him, as will convince his Admirers, that *William* the Third was no more an Angel than his Predecessors.

This is the Method I shall pursue in the following Satyr; in which (that I may Paint K. *William* as Black as possible) I shall dip my Pen in Vinegar; Yet no Malice or Ill-nature shall make me forget that I ought to speak only Truth.

To Write the Secret History of K. *William*, is to expose some Men of the first Quality: But I fear nothing on the account of the Discoveries I make; for, as he is Dead, my Words can't make me Guilty of Treason; or were K. *William* Alive, if I asserted nothing but Truth, Truth (alone) wou'd protect me. 'Tis true, as my Satyr will be all Truth, it will bite the deeper. However, having kept a Journal of the Secrets of K. *William*, I resolve (now he is Dead) to Publish it.

I know those who tell us, K. *William* had a Brave and Generous Soul; That his whole Life was a constant course of doing Good, will think a Satyr upon him a very Ungrateful Task: But the Opportunities I had to discover more than other Men, have put me upon Writing this Secret History: In which no Blemish (in the Soul or Body) of K. *William* shall escape my Notice.

Reader,

4 A Satyr upon King William.

Reader, you may now suppose me Sitting in close Consult against *K. William*, and Ransacking every Inch of his Life and Reign. And as my design is not to palliate, but to expose his Vices, not an Under-Officer of his Court (either here, or in *Holland*) but I'll strictly Examine; that so where the least Defect appears, I may fairly Expose it.

I shall also perswade the very Attendants of his Family into an unreserv'd Confession and Disclosure of the daily Customs of his House; (nay, and those of his very Bed Chamber) nor shall the freedom of his Table (for now he is Dead, I'll conceal nothing) be allow'd him unpurg'd, if probably even there but a Syllable might escape him which may be artificially interpreted into Levity, or wrench'd but into a Connivance at it; So that nothing shall escape my Satyr which will bear the least shadow or reflection of Dishonour to the Person, Dignity, or Memory of *K. William*. Or, if after I've narrowly search'd into his Life and Reign, nothing can be squeez'd out that can (tho' but colourably) charge him, I'll still to indite even his Piety and *Kabur*, &c. Or, if I can find nothing to Sarryze here, I shall call for Eyes to penetrate into the very Recesses of his Soul: For it may be there may tulk some wicked Thought (but I will guess it such) which if possible I will

A Satyr upon King William.

will tear from his Heart, and sharpen my Satyr with it: But if even that be White and Innocent too, I will Satyrize his Dying Legacy †, (which every *Williamite* keeps in a Frame) and will endeavour to prove that his Snowy Innocence (had he hearkned to Bigots) wou'd ha' taken a Crimson dye, and have been (at least) seemingly Criminal. So that my *Secret History of K. William*, will be a general SATYR upon his whole Life.

And here (that I may proceed in the Method I first propos'd) I shall first Satyrize the Imperfections of his Body.

As to his Body, ('tis no *Secret* to tell the World) 'twill bear a SATYR from Head to Foot. I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Consort, 'If Personal Accomplishments cou'd Merit a Crown, she might with Justice have challeng'd the Royal Diadem, even in an Island to which all other Countries yield the Prize of Beauty. And if Sublime Vertue deserves the Supreme Command (she was so far above SATYR) she seem'd Destin'd for the Empire of the World.

These were the Personal Accomplishments of Q. Mary: But what Perfections can we find in the Body of her Royal Hus-

† His last Speech to the Parliament

9 A Satyr upon King William.

band? — His very Birth (as if he was Born Fighting) seem'd Unnatural; for he was so unruly whilst he lay in the winding Chambers of Nature, that the Princess Royal (his Mother) made him an Orphan of the 8th Month. As Satyrical as this looks, I have sufficient Evidence for it, in a Letter of Mr *Abram Cowley* *, where are these Words: *We have Receiv'd News the Princess Royal is in her 8th Month; if it please God to give her a Son, it will be some Consolation in this great Misfortune the Death of the Prince of Orange, who Died last Week of the Small-Pox.* Now, this Letter being Written in the 18th of *October New Style*, was four days after her being Brought to Bed. Tho' Mr. *Cowley* cou'd not at that Time be suppos'd to know it through the distance of Place; for every body knows that *K. William* was Born on 14th Day of *November 1650*; that is, the 14th Day *New Style*.

So that he was Oppos'd (if I may say, so) even in the Womb, by the Sufferings he met with there, through the Grievs and Sorrows of a Mother made a Widow by the sudden Death of her Husband. The Impression his Father's Death made on his Mother, was such as render'd her incapable to take any due Care of him. So that he was cast upon the Immediate Pro-

* To be found in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 152.

A Satyr upon King William. 7

rection of Heaven in his very Infancy; for as few minded him, so many laid Snares for him even in the Cradle. 'Tis true, he rose gradually by Opposition, and encreas'd in Favour with the People, as he grew in Stature and Years; yet his Life was such an Eye sore to some Great Men, (whose Names I think fit to conceal) that they thought it their Interest to Suppress him; and speciously gave out, that it was the Interest of the Republick so to do.

But tho' when he came into the World in the 8th Month, few expected he cou'd Live, (and those that did, Opposed him) yet (as if he had made Bullets of Flesh and Blood) he STORM'D his way through the Conduit of Nature, and was (as 'twere) Born a Soldier:

Then none can doubt of the Cruelty he shew'd to his Mother, in coming so hastily into the World: But his Body was sufficiently Punish'd for this Unnatural Speed to be Charging his Enemies: For 'twas often Afflicted with one Distemper or other; nay, his very Friends have acknowledg'd in my hearing, 'That K. William was but a Sickly Man at the best; That his Cough and Asthma had consum'd him almost to a Skeleton; and therefore, (say they) had he not had a Head wholly turn'd for Great Matters, he'd ne'er ha' ventur'd himself in so many Campaigns.

'Tis true, (as his Friends tell us) 'He
 Descended from a Race of Heroes, who
 rose Remarkably to the highest pitch of
 Honour and Goodness; yet they all ac-
 knowledge K. William's Untimely Birth;
 that his Body was Crazy, and of a Slender
 Make, and that he was of a Sickly Consti-
 tution from his Youth, his very Heart it-
 self, upon Dissection by Mr. Bernard and
 others) was of the Smaller Size, and his
 Body in general, was much Ematiated.

'Tis true, he was capable of enduring Fa-
 tiques in War, and Hardships by Sea; but
 this was no great matter, because he made
 Difficulties easie to him, by frequent and
 (almost) constant Tryals.

As his Heart (however Magnanimous it
 was in Battle) was a meer Punctilio for
 Size, so his Head (as much as his Friends
 extol it for *Wisdom* and *Piety*) was a sort
 of Satyr on his other Members. His
 Nose was of a Roman make, and 'twere no
 abuse if I call'd it a Promontory. 'Tis true,
 his Forehead resembl'd that of *Julius Caesar*,
 and his Hook-Nose (for that's the best
 word I can give it) that of *Constantine the*
Great; as if he had been mark'd out by
 Providence to be like the first in *Contri-*
vance and *Courage*, and the second in *Zeal*
 and *Success*.

And to do him Justice, (for I not the Per-
 son, but the Praise) there was some-
 thing Extraordinary in his Eyes; Majesty
 and

A Satyr upon King William. 9

and Mildness (tho' seldom seated together) did equally shine forth in these wonderful Luminaries; they were all Flame; and 'twas a Lambent, not a Scorching one.

But how many things were there seen in him that render'd these Perfections displeasing? For, tho' his Eyes sparkled with Majesty and Mildness at the same time, yet (as if he wou'd Look through you) they were so Piercing, none cou'd bear to behold 'em: And for this reason, he never forgot any Face he had once fix'd his Eyes upon. So that by reason of his piercing Looks, (tho' there was a great deal of Mildness in 'em) one found One's self, when one Spoke to him, under a Reverential Fear and Dread, as if (by an unaccountable way) he had been oblig'd to remember his Distance, and keep a just Decorum accordingly.

But, as much as he Pierc'd and Aw'd others, yet he was not a jot observant of Himself, in relation to Little and Minute Things. Which great Neglect of Himself, his Friends excuse, by saying, *That he was a Thoughtful Person, of a vast Intellect, and that minute Things were below him, and foreign to the Situation of his Soul and Elevation of his Genius.* But however exalted his Mind was; (which I shall examine anon) 'tis certain his Head made but a Rough Figure; at best, being of a large and oblong Form. And for his Hand, (and had I Time I wou'd Satyrize his other Members) tho' 'twas as

10 **A Satyr upon King William.**

Soft and White as ever was seen, yet was there a raperness in all his Fingers; and (which render'd his Body the more Imperfect) there was but little Symetry in his whole Connexture.

So that (you see Reader) whatever Fine things *K. William's* Friends say of his Mind; (which I shall next treat of) they have no great matter to boast of with respect to his Body.

Having *Satyriz'd* the Body of *K. William*, I shall next (that I may pursue the Method propos'd) discover the Imperfections of his Mind.

It wou'd be endless here to *Satyrize* all *K. William's* Failings, as he was a *Man*: But that my *Secret History* may be Impartial,

I shall first discover (and *Satyrize*) what his Friends call his *Marchless Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and in the late Revolution.

What they call his *Humility*, and great *Condescension*, in accepting of three Crowns.

What they call his gentle *Reign*, and mildness of temper, under the highest Provocations.

What they call his *Fidelity* to his People, and *Ruling* according to Law.

I shall also discover (and *Satyrize*) what his Friends call his *Conjugal Love*, and Grief for the Death of his Queen.

What they call his *Moderation* and *Tenderness* to *Protestant Dissenters*.

What

A Satyre upon King William. 11

What they call his Surprizing Wisdom,
with which he did contrive, and carry on all
his Great Designs.

What they call his Indefatigable Industry
and Application with which he also did at-
tend 'em.

I shall next Satyrize (what his Friends
call) his Generosity, Justice, Complaisance,
Friendship, Sincerity, Magnificence, Libera-
lity, and Fine Speeches.

I shall also discover many Secrets respe-
cting his serious and (as his Friends call it)
undissembl'd Piety; neither shall any Perfe-
ction that was magnify'd in him, miss of
being Lessen'd to what it was.

And as I shall expose all the Secrets of
his Life and Reign; so I shall be as Satyri-
cal upon (what the Williamites call) his
Pious and Triumphant Death.

These are the Imperfections of his Mind
I am now to Discover and Satyrize.

And the first I promis'd to take notice of,
was (as his Friends call it) his Matchless
Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders,*
and the late Revolution: And here, that I
may do him Justice,

I am first to relate what King William's
Friends say of that Undaunted Courage
with which he look'd every Difficulty and
every Enemy in the Face.

I am next to shew, how far I agree with
his Friends in what they say of his Va-
lour.

And

121 A Satyr upon King William.

And (that my Satyr may be as keen as possible) I am to conclude this Head with exposing all the Flaws I find in his Martial Achievements.

First, as to his *Conduſt* and *Valour* —
(His Friends tell us) 'Never any Man beat
' the Paths of Honour and Dignity with
' more Danger and Hazard than *William*,
' the Third, or enjoy'd the Seat of Authority with leſs Eaſe and Pomp.

He that conſiders with what Vigour and Dexterity he us'd to handle his Sword, will eaſily believe, he was (not only Born, but) Bred up in the Camp; that the Field was his Nurſery; that he was Rock'd in no other Cradle, than in an Ammunition Waggon; and that the Noiſe and Roarings of Guns were all his Dalliance and Lullabies.

You might ſee him Fight like a Champion with Lightning in his Eyes: He drew his Sword as if he meant to cut off ſix Heads at a Blow: He wou'd open a Paſſage for God's People through all Hazards, and clear the Coaſt amidſt a Company of Devils.

He did (ſay the *Williamites*) perform all that Hiſtorians applaud in their own *Ceſars* and Princes: Who is ſo great a Stranger, that hath not heard of his Name, and the loud Noiſe of his Victories? He hath blown down the Walls of the Spiritual
Jerico,

A Satyr upon King William. 13

Jerico, and *Curfed* (say his Friends) be that *Hiel* that restores them. He hath put the *Perizzites* to flight, and the *Amorites* have fallen before him: Neither is his Conduct and Valour restrain'd to *Holland*, *Flanders*, or the Revolution in *England*, &c. but is most Serene and Irradiant Abroad: The Christian Interest in all Regions and Countries had a good share in his Victories: In what Court was he not termed *Illustrious*? And in what Palace and Territories was he not known and adored by the Name of INVINCIBLE? In a word, he was compos'd all of Spirits, (he had all the Conduct that has ever been remarkable in all Ages before him) and his Valour had a kind of Impatience in completing his Glories.

To prove this, (continue his Friends) do but examine the Secret Motives that made him a Soldier, and you'll find, He courted no Effeminate Pleasures, but reckon'd the Field of Action as Delightful as the Court, when Duty, and his Peoples Danger call'd him Abroad to suffer Toil and Fatigues. And for this reason, when Colonel *Babington* was privately ask'd what he thought of *K. William's* Valour, The Colonel answer'd, *K. William* is a Great Soldier. And I really think (upon a strict search into his Conduct for many Campaigns) one who truly Fears God: And therefore the *Whigs* tell us, while

Lewis

Louis Le Grand contented himself to send his Armies under this or the other General, and thought it most adviseable to keep himself out of Harm's way, he scorn'd to follow this Modern Example of Cowardice, who set off under the specious Title of Policy and Prudence; but shew'd his Concern for his Soldiers, by exposing Himself as far as any of them; over whom he signally manifested his Vigilance and Care, at the same time he animated them by his Example.

How assiduous was he in Reviews? How narrowly did he observe them, as to Arms, Cloathing, and Horses? How they Rechar'd, and how they were Paid and Provided for? How did he Sympathize with 'em when Funds became deficient? Of which his Mortgageing so much of his own Estate (which has been kept as a Secret to this Hour) is an unanswerable Argument. How often (said Coll. Babington) have I seen him on Horse back, almost the whole Day, considering the state of his Army, enquiring of the Motion of the Enemy, viewing the Ground for this and the other Design, and in a word, taking all the necessary Precautions as Matters stood. 'Tis true, (says the Colonel) if he ever often thwarted in his Measures; otherwise, had he always had the sole and supreme Command of all other Troops as he had of the English, we may well conclude

A Satyr upon King William. 15

conclude he had sooner forc'd the French to Reasonable Terms. But however lasting the Wars was, 'tis certain (say the *Williamites*) his Conduct and Courage was most Remarkable and Heroick: To the same Hears he was both Formidable and Belov'd. To his Soldiers he was Courteous and Familiar; yet his Military Discipline was so sharp and severe, that the Sentence of a Court-Martial seem'd not more terrible to them than one Frown of their General: They durst sooner meet with the Thunder of an Enemy, than Encounter his Displeasure, and the certain Justice of his Passion; And yet (as Colonel *Babington* said, who was many Years in his Service) He knew well how to Encourage with a Smile, how to Animate with his Countenance: He cou'd make them Vallant with his Looks, and no Man cou'd teach them better how to handle their Swords.

He was still careful after Victory, to Heal and bind up their Wounds; and in all the time of his Conduct (which gains the Heart of a Soldier) he wou'd be sure to Reward Merit and Courage wherever he found it. He was besides, a great Lover of his Men, even of those that were Slain and left behind in the Field; to whom (as Colonel *Babington* tells us) he well express'd himself, even after their Deaths, in being ever careful of their Widows and Orphans: When the Fathers were lost, he had Tears

16 A Satyr upon King William.

and Succour for their Children and Families, of which (tis in vain to deny it) my *Secret Memoirs* give several hundred Instances.

In whatsoever we examine and scan the Conduct of *K. William*, wheresoever we trace him, we find Prudence directing, Piety commanding, Courage undertaking, Valour performing, and all the Graces together turned *Amazons*, and Fighting under his Conduct. Neither (say the *Williamites*) can any Man doubt *K. William's* Bravery, that will (Privately) trace his Matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders*, and in the late Revolution, &c.

To begin with *Holland*, when *De Witt* was sent to the Prince of *Orange* with a Message from the States, when some were for depressing his Highness, which was long before he was chosen *Stadtholder*, the Young Prince, with a Courage becoming his Family, made Answer, That He, his Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather, having so long Liv'd in that House, he was very unwilling to leave it, and the Pensionary might go, and tell the States, would not, till forc'd out of it. The Prince returning this brave Answer, the States thought it their best Prudence to let the matter dye, and take no farther notice of it.

His

His Matchless Valour is also seen in the following Instance: When a certain Duke (whose Name I forbear to mention) used many Arguments with the Prince of Orange, for the accepting of the Sovereignty of his Country under the Protection of England and France, he telleth him at last, He wonder'd what he cou'd propose to himself in such a desperate Case; since, according to the Humour he persisted in, he must unavoidably see the final ruin of it: But the Prince replied, That what his Grace said concerning their dangerous condition, was indeed true, but yet that he had one way still left not to see it compleated; which was, to lie in the last Dyke: By which he meant the Fighting it to the last.

The *Williamites* tell us, That after the Battle at * *Senef*, there was a Letter intercepted from the Prince of Conde to the French King, wherein he gave him an Account, That upon a general Review of his Army, he found himself but in a sorry Condition, as having lost the flower of his Infantry, and the best part of his Horse; and therefore did not think himself Strong enough to hazard a second Engagement. And as this Generous Prince was very Ingenuous in the acknowledgment of his Loss; he was, no less Just to his Great Adversary

* In August, 1674.

18 A Satyr upon King William.

the Prince of *Orange*, by giving him the Character, 'That he had acted like an Old Captain in all, but only Venturing Himself too much like a Young Man.

But more full yet was that of General *Zouches* Letter to the States; wherein, amongst others, he us'd these Expressions: 'I have endeavour'd to discharge my Duty in attending His Highness the Prince of *Orange*, during the bloody and famous Battle between the Confederate Arms and that of the Most Christian King; the Issue of which has prov'd so much to the Glory of the Prince of *Orange*, who (tho' he is Young) shew'd upon that Occasion, the Prudence of an Aged Captain, the Courage of a *Cesar*, and the Undaunted Bravery of a *Marius*: All which, (my Lords) I speak without Flattery, which is contrary to my Nature ——— And the *Williamites* add, That his Allies, his Friends, and his very Enemies, agreed in giving him equal Glory upon this Adventure.

But he had none greater than what he gain'd at the Siege of * *Maestricht*. Which Siege was carry'd on with such Bravery, that the Prince, exposing himself upon all Occasions, receiv'd a Musket-shot in his Arm; at which, perceiving those about him were daunted, he immediately pull'd off his Hatt with the Arm that was hurt,

* In July, 1679.

and wav'd it about his Head, to shew the Wound was but in the Flesh: At which they all reviv'd, and His Highness went on in the vigorous prosecution of the Siege.

At this Siege of *Mastricht*, he behav'd himself with such Courage and Bravery, that Heer *Dyke Velts*, in his Letter to the *States General*, is pleas'd to say, 'High and Mighty Lords, It was to have been wish'd that God wou'd have Bless'd our Arms at the Siege of *Mastricht*; for His Highness, the Prince of *Orange*, shew'd 'Extraordinary Diligence, Vigilance, and 'Courage, upon this Occasion: He Encourag'd our Troops with the greatest Care and Application imaginable during the whole Siege, and often put his own Person in eminent Danger.

They also tell us, That at the Battle of * *Montcassel*, the Prince Fought with great Bravery and Resolution; That he led up every Battallion and Squadron in Person; That he Rally'd his broken Troops several times, and renew'd the Charge; but at last (as some have confess'd that were near his Person) was quite born down by the plain Flight of his Men, whom he was forc'd to resist like Enemies: He fell in among them with Sword in Hand, and cutting the first cross the Face, cry'd out aloud, *Raskal, I'll set a Mark on thee,*

* In April, 1677.

20 A Satyre upon King William.

at least, that I may Hang thee afterwards.
But 'twas not his Conduct nor Bravery
could give Courage to Men that had already lost it; and so the Prince was forc'd to yield to the Torrent of these Run-a-ways, that carry'd him back to the rest of his Troops, which yet made a stand; with whom, and what he cou'd gather of those that had been Routed, he made (say his Friends) a Retreat that came little short of a Glorious Victory ——— And this is confirm'd by a private Letter sent by the Duke of Monmouth, (to an English Gentleman then at the Hague) where are these Words:
What may I not say, where I can say nothing too much? Nothing so Brave which is not due to the Conduct and Valour of the Prince of Orange at the Battle of Monicassell: He held up and maintain'd the Cause and Spirit of his Army; when all was near Lost, but the Courage of this vigorous Commander, he Won back, and regain'd all by a Victory.

About this time, the States order'd a Medal to be Stamped in Honour of His Highness; the Words were, God Preserve His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange: He is the Honour and Protector of his Country.

And in the Year 1675, the French King himself sent him this Complement: 'Sir, I assure you that your Conduct and Valour for some Years, has not lessen'd the Affection

A Satyr upon King William.

• Affection which I always had for your
• Person and Family ——— To which, the
Prince return'd this Answer, by the same
Hand: ' I acknowledge the Honour Your
• Majesty did me; and do assure Your Ma-
• jesty, that the Misfortunes of the Times
• has not lessen'd the Respect and Venera-
• tion which is due to Your Person.

The *Williamites* give us more Instances
of his Conduct and Valour in *Holland*, and
Flanders.

They tell us, at the Battle of *St. Dennis*,
(where was nothing but Fire and Smoke to
be seen) the Prince of *Orange*, accompany'd
with the Duke of *Monmouth*, (and anima-
ted with the hopes of good Success) cry'd
To me, to me, to encourage the Regiments
that were to second the foremost.

At the Battle at *Flerus* he shew'd him-
self a Hero, and a Great Commander.

At the Sieges of *Mons*, *Ipres*, *Namur*,
and *Charleroy*, &c. he acquitted himself
with the like Bravery,

He twice attempted the Relief of *Utrecht*,
(when Besieg'd by the *French*) and after
the loss of Colonel *Zulestine*, (whom he
dearly Lov'd) he maintain'd a Desperate
Fight for several Hours.

He took *Beaumont* in the fight of the
Duke of *Luxemburg*. And at which time
a strange Providence hapned to His Majesty
as he was standing under a Tree to view
the Enemies Camp; for the Enemies per-
ceiving

27 A Satyr upon King William.

ceiving abundance of Attendance, they fir'd their Cannon at the Place, believing the King was there: His Majesty was but just mov'd from the Place, when the Cannon-Bullet shot the Tree against which he stood.

And at the Battle of *Landen*, K. *William* shew'd himself (as he had always done) a Brave and Gallant Man: And (say his Friends) it was only the wonderful Providence of God that Preserv'd One who expos'd himself so much as he did; and narrowly escap'd Three Musket-shots; one through the Peruke, which made him deaf for a while; another through the Sleeve of his Coat, which did no harm; and the third carry'd off the Knot of his Scarfe, and left a small Contusion on his Side. But (say the *Williamites*) His Majesty this Day gain'd so far the Respect and Admiration of his Enemies, that it was a common saying amongst them, *That they wanted but such a King to make them Masters of Christendom.* And the Brave Prince of *Conti*, in a Letter of his intercepted to his Princess, was pleas'd to express himself thus: 'That he saw the King every where present, where there was any Action, exposing his Person to the greatest Dangers; and that it was pity so much Valour cou'd not have the peaceable possession of the Crown he wore.'

But

But his Bravery and Courage appear'd chiefly in this, That as no Success lifted him up; so no Loss or Disappointment sunk his Spirits, or cast him down; the same Sedateness and Composure being ever discernible in him. When therefore he was forc'd to retire with a considerable Loss at *Landen*, he said to a certain Prince who was blaming this and the other Party for not doing their Duty, 'Forbear, this is the Will of God, and what we call the Fortune of War; nor is it any thing Extraordinary for a greater Army to conquer a smaller one: But I am not easily Beat. It was ever the fortune of my Great Grandfather, to Grow by Losses and Disappointments: And so it has been with my self; and you shall find this verif'd quickly: For you will soon see me at the Head of a better Army than before. Which was Remarkably fulfilled not long after.

By which we see, true Gallantry hath a Never-dying and Immortal Lustre, it may be Clouded for a Time, (as was seen in the late Disappointment at *Cadix*) but it is to Advantage, it breaks out with greater Splendor than before.

But *K. William's* Bravery and Conduct never shew'd itself at a more seasonable Time (or more Dazled the Beholders) than it did at the Famous Congress of the Confederate Princes; where His Majesty Courageously

24 A Satyr upon King William.

rageously told 'em, That in the Circumstances they were in, it was not time to Deliberate, but to Act; That the Enemy was Master of all the Chief Fortresses that were the Barrier of the Common Liberty; and that he wou'd quickly possess himself of all the rest, if the Spirit of Division, Slowness, and Private Interest continu'd amongst 'em; That it was nothing but Soldiers, strong Arms, and a Prompt and Sincere Union between all the Forces of the Allies, that must do the Work; And that these must be brought to Oppose the Enemy, without Delay, if they wou'd put a stop to his Conquests. Then drawing to a Closure, He protested, as to himself, he wou'd never Spare his his Credit, Forces, nor Person, to Concur with them in so Just and Necessary a Design: And that he wou'd come in the Spring at the Head of his Troops, to make good his Royal Word. Which he did with a Witness; for (as if had been but *A Royal Post-Man*) he cross'd the Seas every Year, to Head the *Confederates*, and to Beat the *French*.

Thus have I made a Faithful Discovery of what *K. William's* Friends call his Matchless *Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland* and *Flanders*, (both before and since he was Crown'd) I shall next reveal what farther *Secrets* they give us, (and to which my self have been made Privy) in relation to his

his *Military Achievements* in the late Revolution: And I shall be the freer to Magnifie his Warlike Actions, that when I come to Satyrize his Courage, I may be thought Impartial.

So that in the prosecution of this *Secret History*, I am next to discover what his Friends say of his Expedition for *England*.

They tell us, when we were on the brink of Ruine, the Prince of Orange being Invited over by several Noblemen, &c. (who privately cross'd the Seas to carry the several Dispatches, &c.) came to Defend us from *Papery* and *Slavery*: This being the End he had in his Eye. When he took leave of the *States*, he told em, (and I have it from one that was then present) That it was needless for him to recapitulate the Reasons which induc'd him to leave his Native Country; That he hop'd and pray'd that God wou'd endue him with Wisdom, Foresight, and Courage, and not withdraw his Arm from him in time of Need: That he call'd God to Witness, between himself and his own Conscience, that he did not underrake such an arduous Affair but for his Glory, but that his only aim was the Honour of God, the Welfare of their Country, and the Christian Religion; and that therefore he hoped God wou'd bestow his Blessing upon it. And here he seem'd to have made

an end; but yet (being a most tender Husband) he recommended one thing more to em, That as he did not know how God might dispose of him, since he had put on his Sword and did not know when he should put it off: That if he should lose his Life in the Expedition, they would take the Princeis (his Wife) under their Protection, who was as well affected to that Country, and the Religion planted there, as he was: That she could nowhere find such a secure Place, as under the Wings of the States: And then (as my private Minutes assure me) he desired they would always mind him in their publick and private Prayers, of which he should have the same regard to them; with which words, the Tears ran down his Face; and (I'm told) the Pensionary return'd him an Answer suitable to the Occasion.

After the Prince had taken this Private Farewel of the States of Holland, he Embark'd in the Dutch Fleet (consisting of 52 Men of War, and 14352 Land Forces). He was accompany'd over by several English and Scotch Lords, as the Earl of Shrewsbury, Marquis of Winchester, E. of Macclasheld, Viscount Mordaunt, E. of Argle, Lord Walsbyre, Lord Pawley, Lord Coot, Lord Egan, and the Lord Dunblane, together with Dr. Burnet, Ferguson, Wildman, and some others. And (the Williamites say) Marechal Schomberg, and 2 or 300 French Officers

cers who left their Country upon the score of their Religion, had likewise a share in this *Protestant Expedition*.

Admiral *Herbert* leading the Van of the Fleet, and Vice-Admiral *Euerson* bringing up the Rear, the Prince of *Orange* placed himself in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *English Colours*, and Their Highness's Armes, with this Motto, *The Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of England*; and underneath it, the Motto of the *House of Nassau*, *I will Maintain it*.

Being now at Sea, there arose a terrible Storm; but the Valiant *Orange* was not in the least Dismay'd, when most Mens Hearts were as Stones, dead with Fear, his Countenance was observ'd not to alter, as other Mens did; but, like a true *Paul*, or Servant of *Jesus Christ*, he encourag'd all in the Ship where he was, making them Cheerful, when their Spirits were Dejected, saying to some in the Ship these Words, (as I receiv'd information from one in the same Vessel) *For my part, I am not in the least doubtful, but that we shall do very well: I know God is a Righteous God, and tryes the very Heart and Reins, and sees the very end and bottom of my Thoughts: He knows my Integrity in this Undertaking; that 'tis not to get my self a Name, or for my own sake, but for the promotion of his Glory, and his Churches good; and therefore he will not give his Enemies any cause to rejoice*

28 **A Satyre upon King William.**

joice in the Destruction of the Pure in Heart,
And I'm told by a Noble Lord, (then
on Board the Ship call'd the *Golden Sun*)
that a certain Minister in the Fleet pulling
a Bible out of his Pocket, he open'd, and
held it so in his right Hand, making many
flourishes with it unto the People, whose
Eyes were fix'd on him, and duly observ'd
him; thereby signifying to the People the
flourishing of the Holy Bible, (by God's
Blessing upon the Prince of Orange's Endeavours)
and calling out as loud as he was
able, said unto them on the top of the
Rocks; *For the Protestant Religion, and
maintaining of the Gospel in the Truth and
Purity thereof, are we all, by the Goodness
and Providence of God, come hither. after
so many Storms and Tempests. Moreover*
(said he) *it is the Prince of Orange that's
come, a zealous Defender of that Faith
which is truly Ancient, Catholick, and Apo-
stolical, who is the Supream Governour of
this very great and formidable Fleet.* Where-
upon, all the People shouted for Joy, and
Huzza's did now eccho in the Air, many a-
mongst them throwing up their Hats, and
all making signs with their Hands. So af-
ter the Minister had given them some Salu-
tations, and they had return'd him the same
again, he came down from off the upper
Deck, unto the vulgar one among his ac-
quaintance,

On the 4th of *November*, being *Sunday*, and the Birth-Day of the Prince, most People were of Opinion, that he wou'd Land either in the *Ile of Wight*, or *Portsmouth*; but his Highness Dedicated that Day to the use to which it is consecrated by the Church; that is to the Service of God Almighty; And now a *Protestant Wind* mov'd every Tongue, and was part of our (Secret) *Litany*.

On the 5th of *November*, they Landed at *Torbay*, where the People (being already prepossess'd with the good intentions of the Prince) flock'd to the Shore, not to Oppose the Prince's Landing, but to Welcom their *Great Deliverer* with loud Acclamations, and to furnish him with all *Necessaries*.

The Prince of *Orange*, after his Landing, took up his Quarters at *Sir William Courtney's House*, within a Mile of *Newton Abbot*; where (whatever the *Jacobites* have said to the contrary) he was very kindly Entertain'd; but the Prince finding the Ground here-about unfit for a Camp, he Rid with his Army to *Exeter*, whither *Dr. Burnet* was sent before to prepare Quarters for his Highness.

As soon as he came to *Exeter*, (where he enter'd in a Glorious and Triumphant manner) the first thing he did, was, to go to pay his grateful Acknowledgments to the Almighty, and to cause *Te Deum* to be Sung

Sung in the Cathedral, for his safe Arrival. After the Collects were ended, Dr. Burnet began to Read His Highness's Declaration; which being ended, he said, *God save the Prince of Orange*; to which, most of the Congregation answer'd, *Amen*.

During the Prince's stay at Exeter, News was brought him, (by a private Hand) that his Friends were up in the North; as the Lord Delamere, Earl of Devonshire, Earl of Stamford, Earl of Danby, Sir Scroop Howe, Sir William Ruffel, with divers others. This Express came to the Prince nine Days after his Arrival; but the first that join'd him were Sir Robert Peyton (who rais'd a Regiment in the space of one day) and the Gentlemen of Somersetshire and Darbyshire; to whom (as one that was near his Person assures me) his Highness made the following Speech.

Gentlemen, tho' we know not all your Persons, yet we have a Catalogue of your Names, and remember the Character of your Worth and Interest in your Country. You see we are come according to your Invitation, and our Promise. Our Duty to God obliges us to protect the Protestant Religion; and our Love to Mankind, your Liberties and Properties.

We expected you that dwelt near the place of our Landing, wou'd have join'd us sooner; not that it is now too late, or that we want your Military Assistance so much as your Countenance and Presence

A Satyr upon King William. 11

sence, to justifie our declar'd Pretentions,
 in order to accomplish our good and gra-
 cious Design. Tho' we have brought
 both a good Fleet, and a good Army, to
 render these Kingdoms happy, by *Rescu-*
ing all Protestants from Popery, Slavery,
 and Arbitrary Power; by Restoring them
 to their Rights and Properties establish'd
 by Law, and by promoting of Peace and
 Trade, which is the Soul of Government,
 and the very Life-Blood of a Nation; yet
 we rely more on the Goodness of God,
 and the Justice of our Cause, than on any
 Humane Force and Power whatever. Yet
 since God is pleas'd we shall make use of
 Humane Means, and not expect Miracles
 for our Preservation and Happiness; let
 us not neglect making use of this gracious
 Opportunity, but with Prudence and Cou-
 rage put in Execution our so honourable
 Purposes.

Therefore, *Gentlemen, Friends, and*
Fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your
 Followers most heartily Welcome to our
 Court and Camp. Let the whole World
 now judge, if our Pretentions are not
 Just, Generous, Sincere, and above Price;
 since we might have even a Bridge of
 Gold to Return back: But it is our Prin-
 ciple and Resolution, rather to dye in a
 Good Cause, than to live in a Bad one;
 well knowing that Vertue and True Ho-

32 *A Satyr upon King William.*

'is its own Reward, and the Happiness of
'Mankind Our Great and Only Design.

We have had many false and imperfect
Accounts of this Excellent Speech; but I
can assure the Reader, that which is here
inserted, is exact to a Word, as the Prince
spoke it.

The *Williamites* tell us, this Valiant
Speech of the Prince of *Orange* so gain'd
the Hearts of the *West Country-men*, that
they Huzza'd him where-e'er he come; and
when he came to *London*, (which he did
with very little Difficulty) there was a
Noble Medal struck upon his Memorable
Entry into *London*, having these Words;
*William III. by the Grace of God, Prince of
Orange, the Restorer of Religion and Li-
berty.*

Most of the Nobility Congratulated his
Highness's safe Arrival at *St. James's*; and
on the 20th, the Aldermen and Common-
Council of the City of *London*, attended
his Highness upon the same account; and
the Lord Mayor being disabled by Sickness,
Sir George Treby Kt. Recorder of the Ho-
nourable City of *London*, made an Oration
to his Highness, to this effect.

May

May it please your Highness,

THE Lord-Mayor being disabled by Sickness, your Highness is attended by the Aldermen and Commons of the Capital City of this Kingdom, deputed to Congratulate your Highness, upon this great and glorious Occasion.

In which labouring for Words, we cannot but come short in Expression.

Reviewing our late Danger, we remember our Church and State, over-run by Popery and Arbitrary Power, and brought to the Point of Destruction, by the Conduct of Men, (that were our *true* Invaders) that break the Sacred Fences of our Laws, and (which was worse) the very Constitution of our Legislators.

So that there was no Remedy left, but the Last.

The only Person, under Heaven, that could apply this Remedy, was Your Highness.

You are of a Nation, whose Alliances at all Times, has been agreeable and prosperous to us.

You are of a Family most Illustrious, that have been Benefactors to Mankind. To have the Title of Sovereign Prince, Stadtholder, and to have worn the Imperial Crown, are amongst their lesser Dignities. They have long enjoy'd a Dignity singular and transcendent,

34 A Satyr upon King William.

‘scenderr, viz. To be Champions of Almighty God, sent forth to several Ages, to vindicate his Cause against the greatest Oppressions.

‘To this Divine Commission, our Nobles, our Gentry, and among them our brave *English* Soldiers, rendred themselves and their Arms upon your appearing.

GREAT SIR,

‘When we look back to the last Month, and contemplate the Swiftnes and Fullnes of our present Deliverance, astonish’d, we think it Miraculous.

‘Your Highness, led by the Hand of Heaven, and call’d by the Voice of the People, has preserv’d our dearest Interests.

‘The *Protestant Religion*, which is Primitive Christianity, restor’d.

‘Our *Laws*, which are our ancient Title to our Lives, Liberties, and Estates, and without which, this World were a Wilderness.

‘But what Retribution can we make to your Highness?

‘Our Thoughts are full-charged with Gratitude.

‘Your Highness has a lasting Monument in the Hearts, in the Prayers, in the Praises of all good Men amongst us. And late Posterity will celebrate your ever-glorious Name, till Time shall be no more.

The

The Chief Design of this *Satyr*, is to discover such Secrets as have hitherto lain conceal'd; and therefore I had not inserted this grateful Speech, (made to the Prince at his first coming) but only to Refresh the Memory of those, who (in their Transports of Joy for a Gracious Queen) have forgot what Forlorn and Miserable Condition the Prince of *Orange* ventur'd his Life to Deliver us from; and likewise to convince my Reader, I am as Just to K. *William's* Vertues, as I shall be to his Failings, when I come to 'em. But to return to the *Secret History* of his *Conduet* and *Valour*.

The Prince Succeeding in his Noble Enterprize, the late K. *James* Abdicated the Throne, went down the River to *Rocheſter*, and from thence took Shipping for *Breſt*, whither the Queen and Supposed Prince of *Wales* was gone before, and himself soon after. Upon which, the Prince of *Orange* diſpatch'd his Circular Letters for the Meeting of the CONVENTION; who after ſome Debates, whether the Vacant Throne ought to be fill'd up by a *Regent*, or a *King*, they made a Tender of the Crown to Their Highneſſes; to which the Prince of *Orange* return'd this following Answer.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THIS is certainly the greateſt Truſt
you have in us that can be given,
which is the thing that makes us value

26 *A Satyr upon King William.*

it the more: And we thankfully accept
what you have offer'd: And as I had no
no other Intention in coming hither, than
to Preserve your Religion, Laws, and Li-
berties; so you may be sure, that I shall
endeavour to Support them; and
shall be willing to concur in any thing
that shall be for the Good of the King-
dom; and to do all that is in my Power,
to advance the Welfare and Glory of the
Nation.

And the same Day, Their Majesties
were solemnly Proclaim'd King and Queen
of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,
by the Names of *William* and *Mary*: And
thus (as the *Williamites* tell us) by the *Con-
duct* and *Valour* of *K. William*, was accom-
plish'd the greatest REVOLUTION that
ever befel the *English* Nation: And it so
pleas'd the *Savoy* Ambassador, that a
Month after (at a Private Audience) he
thus Complimented the New King.

GREAT SIR,

*His Royal Highness (my Master) does by
me Congratulate your sacred Majesties Glo-
rious Accession to the Crown: It was due to
your Birth, and deserv'd by your Vertue,
and is maintain'd by your Valour, &c.*

This

This is the Account K. William's Friends give of his Conduct and Valour, with respect to the late Revolution in England; and as I was Privy to much of it, I can't deny the Matter of Fact.

I shall next add, what Discoveries they make as to his *Military Achievements in Ireland*; and as they have been conceal'd for several years, they render 'em a Secret History of that Expedition — And now fresh Laurels attend him again in *Ireland*.

In this new Expedition, King William went to Subdue the Rebels then under the Command of the late K. James.

K. William being Landed at *Carriekfergus* (attended by His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, and the D. of Ormond) his Majesty vigorously pursued the War, and (observing the small Progress his Army made in his Absence) disapprov'd of the Cautious Councils of some of his Generals, by saying, *He did not come there to let Grass grow under his Feet.*

Upon a Critical Review, he found his Army to consist of 36000 Men; and Marching his Army to *Dundalk*, was so pleas'd with the Prospect of the Country as he Rid along, that he said to those about him, *It was highly worth Fighting for.*

His steady belief of a Divine Providence, did enable him in *Ireland* (as it had done in other places) with Lite and Courage, to expose himself to the most threatening Dan-
gers.

gers. His Attempts of this kind, and the unmov'd fearless Spirit that appear'd in his Fight at the *Boyne*, was misinterpreted by some of his Officers, as if they had proceeded from an imbib'd Notion of *Fatality*, tho' few knew his Sentiments in this Matter: Yet I can assure my Reader, he has, with great freedom (in Private) declar'd himself to this purpose, *vis.* 'When a Battle, or other hazardous Enterprize, was approaching, that his Method had been seriously to consider what was his present Duty; and that when upon due deliberation he had seen reason to determine that God wou'd have him expose himself (he wou'd add) He then knew not what Fear meant; for that he knew under whose Protection he went. —

'Twas (say the *Williamites*) this Belief of a Divine Providence, that made his Majesty at the *Boyne* to march in the Front of his Forces, resolving in Person to Fight the Enemy.

Major-General *Scravenmore* seem'd to despise *K. James's* Army, saying, 'They were but a Handful of Men: But the King and Prince *George* wisely answer'd, 'That they might have a great many Men in the Town, &c. However (added the King) we shall soon be better acquainted with their Numbers. The King (like a Valiant General) marching yet nearer the Enemy, the *Irish* fir'd at him, and with the first

first Shot, kill'd a Man and two Horses within an hundred Paces of his Majesty. This Bullet was presently succeeded by another, which flanted upon the King's right Shoulder, took out a piece of his Coat, and tore the Skin and Flesh, and afterwards broke the Head of a Gentleman's Pistol.

'Tis more easie to conceive than express, what a sudden Consternation this Accident struck into all that were about the King; but his Majesty's Belief of a Divine Providence, made it not difficult to imagine, how calm and undisturb'd his Majesty remain'd — The King himself took notice of this unexpected Accident, but kept on his pace, saying, *There was no necessity the Bullet shou'd come nearer.*

However, the Enemy reported K. William was Kill'd; and the News spread as far as Paris, where the giddy Multitude express their Sawcy Joy, by Bonfires: But his Majesty having got his light Wound dress'd, Mounted again on Horseback, and shew'd himself to the whole Army, to dissipate their just alarm.

So that nothing cou'd discourage his Majesty; for that Evening K. William gave Orders, That every Soldier shou'd be provided with a good stock of Ammunition, and all to be ready to March at Break of Day, with every Man a green Bough or Sprig in his Hat, to distinguish him from the Enemy, who wore pieces of White Pa-

40 A Satyr upon King William.

per in their Hats ——— The Word that Night was WESTMINSTER: His Majesty Rid in Person about Twelve at Night, with Torches, quite through the Army; and then retir'd to his Tent, with *Eager Expectation* (to use his own Words) of the Glorious approaching Day: And never was a more Memorable Battle Fought in this Western Part of the World: For, as Two Kings in Person contended for the Imperial Crown of *England*; so the Fate of their respective Allies (and consequently of all *Europe*) seem'd to depend on the Success of their Arms: Both Armies were Animated by the Presence of their Sovereign; and both Fought for their Religion.

The expected Day being come, K. *William*. Attack'd K. *James* upon the Banks of the River *Boyne*; gave him a Total Rout, and struck him into such a Pannick Fear, that he run like a frightened Hare, first to *Dublin*, thence to *Waterford*, where he took Shipping for *France*, leaving an easie Conquest of the whole Kingdom to K. *William*, which was afterwards compleated by the Earl of *Athlone*.

Upon the Report of this Victory, Colonel *Fitz-Gerard* (who was then in *Dublin*) was pleas'd to say, 'His Majesty was Born
' to Teach and Instruct Kings in their Wars,
' and is (continu'd the Colonel) so Blessed
' with all the Gifts and Accomplishments
' of a Great General, that God and Nature
seem

seem in this last Age of the World (when
Valiant Princes are scarce) to have sent
him to *Ireland* for a Novelty, and special
Token of Endearment.

K. *William*, during the Battle at the
Boyne, might be said to be *Every where*,
since he directed all by his Conduct, which
gain'd a Glorious Victory. So that K. *Wil-*
liam's Valour (as his Friends tell us) had a
great share in the Honour of the Day.

His Majesty, accompany'd with the Prince
of *Denmark*, pass'd the River with the
Left Wing of the Horse, and that with
some Difficulty, for his Horse was Bog'd
on the other side, and himself forc'd to
alight, till one of his Attendance had dis-
engag'd his Steed: But as soon as the Men
were put in Order, his Majesty drew his
Sword, and March'd at the Head of them
towards the Enemy: But the *Irish* resume-
ing Courage, fac'd about, and made the
English Horse shrink, tho' they had the
King at their Head. Thereupon the King
Rid to the *Inniskilliners*, and ask'd them,
What they wou'd do for him? Animated
by this Invitation, they Boldly came for-
ward, and at the Head of 'em the King re-
ceiv'd the Enemies-Fire. Lieutenant *Ha-*
milton being Routed Horse and Foot, and
himself taken Prisoner; when he was
brought to the King, his Majesty ask'd
him, *Whether the Irish wou'd Fight any*
more? Yes, Sir, (reply'd *Hamilton*) *upon my*
G 2 Honour,

42 A Satyr upon King William.

Honour, I believe they will. When he pronounc'd that Word *Honour*, the King lookt wittly upon him, and then turn'd about, repeating once or twice, *your Honour*; intimating, that what he assur'd upon his *Honour*, was not to be depended upon, since he had forfeited that before, in siding with *Tyrconnel*; and this was all the Rebuke the King gave him for his breach of Trust.

In this Fight at the *Boyne*, the Duke of *Scomberg* (one of the best Generals *France* ever had) was shot through the Neck, and *Dr. Walker*, so famous for the Defence of *London-Derry*, receiv'd a Wound in the Belly.

In the whole Action, his Majesty did all that the greatest of Generals cou'd do upon this Occasion: ' He chose the Field, ' dispos'd the Attacks, drew up his Army, ' Charged the Enemy several times, Supported his Forces, when they begun to ' shrink, and demean'd himself throughout, with that Conduct, Gallantry, Resolution, and Presence of Mind, (and was ' such a POISE for the enclining Victory to ' his own side) that the *Irish* themselves ' confess'd, ' That if the *English* chang'd ' Kings with them, they wou'd fight the ' Battle over again.

After the Victory of the *Boyne* was over, *K. William* Rid in a Triumphant manner to *Dublin*, where one of the Magistrates (in

(in the Name of the City) gave him the following Welcome.

GREAT SIR,

We had need of good Eyes to contemplate your Glory, but more especially your Victory at the Boyne. It hath all in it that for the Ages past hath been Resplendent and Dazzling: We may see in you alone, all the Great and Valiant Princes we Read of: You resemble them all in your Conduct and Valour; their best Features are all united and mingled in you; you represent them most lively; as if when Nature was framing You, they had all Sat for their Pictures.

This Eloquent Speech (which was ne'er Publish'd before) being ended, K. William went to St. Patricks Church to return Thanks to Almighty God for his late Conquest.

'Tis certain, he own'd God in all his Victories; for in his Speech to the Parliament, (1694) he tells the Commons, *He will endeavour to do his Part to carry on the War; but (adds) It is from the Blessing of God we must all expect such Success as may answer our Desires* — And he was so very mindful of the good Success of his Arms in the Reduction of Ireland, that he appointed the 26th of November 1691, to be

44 A Satyr upon King William.

be kept for a Solemn Day of Thanksgiving for the same.

I shall only add what an ancient Lawyer told K. William in the beginning of the Revolution, 'That he had out liv'd all the Lawyers of England; and had he not come over, he had out-liv'd the Law itself. And therefore say those Men who give us this Secret History of his Conduct and Valour in Ireland, had not K. William ventur'd his Life and Fortunes for us, the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe, wou'd ha' been long before now little more than a Name.

And as King William (Openly) defy'd Death, and durst meet it at the mouth of a Cannon; so he was as little afraid of Sudden (and unthought of) Dangers: For they tell us, when his Palace at Kensington took Fire *, he immediately said, *Where is my Sword?* as supposing there was some Treachery in it ——— So that, (say these Williamites) there was Something of a strange Firmness and Steadiness of Soul that was peculiar to him; and which, no Battles, no Dangers cou'd shake. But where is K. William now? Can he March in Battle Array, or in Warlike Triumphs Thunder about his Tomb? After all his Conduct and Valour, when you have said all, *He was but a Man*; Death with his

* Nov. 10. 1691.

Pale

A Satyr upon King William.

Pale Horie has trampled upon him, and
kick'd out his Breath. Death Kills not
Princes upon his bended Knee, nor did his
Dart use any more Ceremony to *K. William*,
than it does to the poorest Beggar. And
Death having drawn a Black Curtain over
him, this Mighty Pageant is at an End.
But tho' *K. William* (that in all things else
was Invincible) cou'd not Conquer Death,
yet the *Williamites* say, The Fame of his
Conduct and *Valour* shall never dye; and
for that reason, (on the 4th of *November*,
being the Birth-Day of this Great General)
the Bells in several Churches were Rang;
and in the Evening, the Streets were Illu-
minated, and Bonfires made, 'In Remem-
'brance (as the *Post-Man* calls it) of the
'wonderful Deliverance of these Nations
'from Popery and Slavery, accomplish'd
'(under God) by his *Conduct* and *Valour*.
And I'm apt to think, (the *Williamites* so
doat on his Person) that no one Gallery of
Heroick Persons will be hereafter Erected,
in whose Assembly of Monuments, his Ef-
figies will not be accounted the Master-
Piece.

These are the Secret Discoveries *K. Wil-*
liam's Friends make of (what they call) his
Matchless *Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland*,
Flanders, and the late Revolution; and (to
do his Majesty Justice) I find by my *Secret*
Journal, they have as much to Discover,

with

26 A Satyr upon King William.

with respect to his *Humility, Mildness, Fidelity,* and other Vertues.

But no more of these at present, for I am next (according to the Method propos'd) to shew how far I AGREE with his Friends in what they say of his *Valour*; and I'll be as Impartial here as I shall be (when I come to that part of my Satyr) in exposing all the Flaws I find in his Martial Achievements.—Well then?

In Spight of my SATYR,

I to far AGREE with his Friends, as to *OWN William III.* was Born with an Heroick Courage — *A Courage which nothing cou'd Equal, but his Conduct!*

And here, if I cou'd shew *K. William* at the Head of his Army, lock'd and shut up by his Invincible Legions, how he provok'd his Soldiers to Fierceness, with what Bravery and Choler they saw him Fight, (while their Hearts take Fire from the Lightning of his Eyes) if I cou'd Paint him thus in his *Conduct* and *Valour*, I shou'd give the true Character of this Great General. However, I do him Justice, enough to ACKNOWLEDGE,

That *William III.* was Admir'd byall *Europe*, when they saw him at the Age of 25 Years, General of the Armies of the *United Provinces*.

That

That his Courage kept him Six Hours in the Heat of the Fire in the first Battle he ever saw; and that made him one of the Last that Retreated from the Camp of *London*; an Action, that even *Satyr* must allow to be Brave and Valiant; and may serve to convince the World, that 'tis possible to Lose the Victory, and yet Gain all the Honour of the Day.

That his Soul was lifted up to the Height of all Duty and Valour; that he made no Campaigns in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the late Revolution, but with Honour to Himself and his Kingdoms. Indeed, he did not Fall in the Field, Fighting for the Liberties of *Europe*; in the Defence of which, he had so often cross'd the Seas, and expos'd his Life to a Thousand Dangers; yet (if I'll do him Justice) I must OWN, he dy'd with all the Cares of Government about him, and such a Love to his Subjects, as was solicitous to leave them Safe and Prosperous; and (being first in his Heart) was the last thing which dy'd in him.

That his Conduct and Valour was not merely a sudden flame of the Blood, but a steady Resolution of Soul, Undaunted, Lasting, and Invincible; a Courage which was not a Transport of Fury, (tho' I shall OWN anon there was *Choler* in it) but which Fought at *Mons*, *Namur*, the *Boyne*, &c. with the same Presence of Mind in

the Field, as it Debated at the Council-Board.

I farther ACKNOWLEDGE, that as Forward and Resolute as he was to Fight, that his Courage delighted not in *Blood* and *Slaughter*; that 'twas far from being an Effect of Cruelty or Indiscretion, but a constant, uniform constitution of Soul, and supported by Reason and Thought; That he never made War for Pride, Glory, or Ambition of Large Empire, but for the Deliverance and Rescue of Wronged and Oppressed Nations: When he saw himself at the Head of Seventy Thousand of his own Subjects, (a greater Army than any of our Kings ever had) and when he saw himself yet Stronger in the general Affections of the People; he never made use of these Advantages, to the Purposes of Arbitrary Power, (no Imprisoning Dissenters, or Pulpit Railery, was heard of in his whole Reign) neither cou'd the Poorest Subject (whether Churchman or Dissenter) complain that this King ever did them the least Wrong, in Person, Estate, or Liberty.

I also declare, (for I must AGREE to what I saw with my own Eyes) That his Success was as remarkable as his Conduct and Valour, and carry'd in it a kind of Wonder and Prodigy; those Stars which Fought against *Sisera*, were all engag'd on his side; we may remember, when the
very

very Name of ORANGE was a kind of Charm to the Enemy, whom he every where so easily Vanquish'd, it might be well thought by some, when they had Fought their best, they had done no more than come together to be Beaten. How many Armies did he Run over and Defeat? To tell how many Towns and Cities he has Storm'd, and Victories Won, wou'd be near as difficult as it wou'd be to another to do 'em. — With what speed was he wont to reduce Garisons? as if the Enemies had taken the Field, or come into their Fortresses for no other purpose, than to give him Livery and Seizin.

In Spight of my SATYR,

I must DECLARE his Success was full of Strangeness and Mysteries; it gave Safety and Peace beyond our Councils and Thoughts, in the very Nick and last Breath of our Hopes, at the Extremity and very Brink, (as his Friends express it) when our Lives were in danger by Corrupt Judges, our Laws dispenc'd with by a Popish King, our Charters surrender'd by Jacobites, and our Consciences in danger from Doctors, Commons, and we all ready (being mov'd to it by the Odious Names of *Whig* and *Tory*) to Tear and Rend, to throw off Gospel and Law: 'Twas then that the Prince of Orange gave us all the pleasing Sweets of his Vi-
H 2 ctories;

20 I Satyr upon King William.

Stories; that he began to deal the timely Fruits of his good Fortune and Success; wherein (tho' his *Conduct* and *Courage* is what I shall *Satyrize*) he not only vanquish'd our Fears, by a Prevention of That Sword and Danger which hung over our Heads, but reviv'd our Hopes, which were at that instant in a very damp and dying Condition.

In a word, I AGREE with his Friends, That the late Revolution (for that's the Deliverance I'm speaking of) did not want much of a Miracle; for, in truth, our Hopes were so far Spent, so near Fainting, and Gasping, that they seem'd to be little less than recall'd and rais'd from the Dead: (This Prince Deliver'd us in such a Critical Minute) It was a kind of fetching us to Life, when we were given over, and after Tolling the Bell.—But I'll stop here; for to do him Justice on this Head, wou'd require a Genius as vast and comprehensive, as his own.

And as I AGREE with King William's Friends, in OWNING the Success of his Arms; so that I may set our Deliverance in a (yet) better Light, I'll imagine our Native Country (a Ship) batter'd and much torn in a Fight; and in her Sailing off, caught by a Tempest: Her wilful Pilot being lost in the Storm, the confused Mariners lay all Hands on the compass, to the great Jeopardy of the Vessel; which being

being now ready to Sink, they are content to give her and themselves up to the Government of one single Person, whom they think most skilful to Save. This new Pilot brings them safe to a good Harbour, but hath little Thanks for his Pains; some taunt and revile him, that he did not Steer in another course to a better Haven; others tell him plainly, he ought not to be Pilot, he hath no right to the Place. And truly, such is the Ingratitude of many in these Nations to his late Majesty; by whom they have been sav'd from a Wreck; from whose Hands they possess their Lives, Liberties, and Estates; and yet can no ways be oblig'd, as if it were his fault that some Goods have been lost in the Storm, and that some tumultuous unruly Persons have been cast overboard in the Conflict for the Security of us all; as if they had rather Die and Perish, than confess and have him their Preserver.

But whatever his Enemies say of his Conduct in the late Revolution, I so far AGREE with his Friends, as to OWN, To save a Torn and Sinking Vessel in a Tempest, and in the Low'rings of a Storm, to Set disjoynted States, and Heal ulcerated Kingdoms, in the midst of Tumults and Confusion; to Compose and Quiet a Distracted and Disorderly People; to repair Breaches and Ruines, are Great and Powerful Works, and cannot be Completed or Under

52 A Satyr upon King William.

Undertaken, without the Wisdom and Assistance of the God of Order and Victory.

These Astonishing Things were effected by the *Conduct* and *Valour* of the Prince of *Orange*. But (to do Justice to his great *Piety*) 'twas a Courage which ascrib'd the Glory of all Successes, to God; and which gratefully own'd his Goodness in every Preservation; insomuch, as when a Ball shot from a Mortar, fell on the place where he had sat but a Moment before; *Oh my God!* (said he with Eyes lifted up to Heaven) *Thou hast saved my Life, and I will Serve thee all my Days.*

And as I can't DENY, but his *Conduct* and *Valour* did Wonders in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the late Revolution; so I also ACKNOWLEDGE, That his way of Fighting was different from most Generals.

I OWN, he made use of Bombs and *Granado's*; but his great Artillery, was Prayer; his Ammunition, Devotion; and his best Armour, a Pious Life: You might see Angels Heading his Weapons, and his Guns were sent him from Heaven: But 'twas his Prayers Slew more than all his Muskets and Pistols. These were his Rams and Cannon, his Magazines, his great Castles, and Elephants: Prayer is that strange Engine wherewith a Saint, *Archimedes* like, can save or sink a Ship in his Closet.

King

A Satyr upon King William. 33

King *William* being sensible of this, did often retire from the World in Secret and Closet Devotion, when some have imagin'd he was otherwise employ'd : And as sometimes he allow'd a close and serious Person to join with him as a Friend, in order to Assist him this way ; so his marks upon Pious Books, which he perused, by folding down of the Leaves, were plain indications how he had at other times been taken up in his retir'd Hours.

Nay (I must farther ACKNOWLEDGE) That (both in Camp and Court) he constantly kept up a course of Secret Duties. I have known, after he had been tyr'd out with the Great and Necessary Affairs of his Army, he cou'd not with any satisfaction go to Rest, till he had retir'd for Secret Converses with God.

And besides his more stated Courses, it does appear (*from many excellent Forms of Prayer drawn up with his own Hand*) that he did also, upon all the more special Occasions that did occur, seriously look up to God, and commit himself and his Army into his Hands, So that, upon the whole, that Character did most exactly agree to him, which *David* takes to himself, *Pf. 109. 4* *I will give my self to Prayer.*

In all Battles, (for I must OWN what I saw with my Eyes) before he came to the Field, he had *Won the Day on his Knees :*

His

44 *I Satyr upon King William.*

His Devotions in all Combats, gave assistance of Conquests: He was no sooner in his Cloſet, but his Enemies were half Kill'd. Prayer is that *White Gunpowder* which goes off without Noiſe, which Wounds and Slays Men in Secret, and Overcomes and Confounds Armies. With this *New Instrument of War*, King *William* compleated all his Victories; and not a *Red-Coat* in his whole Army, (it he put on the ſame Armour) but cou'd put a Thouſand to Flight.

His Heart, if you cou'd ſee it, is ever and anon liſting itſelf up in Ejaculations and Prayers; only his Courage doth now and then hinder his Zeal; at the very ſame Moment he pierceth Heaven, and the Bowels of his Enemies; and tho' they have not the ſame Weapon, yet his Heart and Hand are both Fighting together, and are Associates in the Victory.

In a word, this *Praying Commander* Honour'd the Name of God with a profound Veneration, eſpecially towards the end of his Life: For if at any time that Glorious Name had been made mention of occaſionally-by any, he was ever obſerv'd to have a Peculiar Emotion of Soul, diſcover'd in a ſerious Look upwards to Heaven, as if he ſtill follow'd it with a Mental Prayer. And indeed, (beſides the great Regards he had to more Publick Prayer) thoſe that obſerv'd him in his Cloſet and Bed-Chamber can teſtifie

testifie this, That he did nothing of Consequence, without imploring the Divine Blessing: An instance of this (not to mention his Monthly Fasts) was seen in his obliging an Eminent French Minister to enter his Coach, and Pray before the Action, while he devoutly Kneel'd all the time without.

Thus William III. by lifting up his Hand like *Moses*, and his Heart like *David*, Kill'd more than *Sampson* with his *Jaw Bone*. By which 'tis evident, he did not Fight, but PRAY himself into a Throne.

So that (I have fairly prov'd) his *Graces* (as well as his *Conduct*) were all Serviceable in the Defence of the Protestant Interest; That his *Piety* Conquer'd as well as his *Valour*; and that when he Fought (*on his Knees*) there was no standing before him.

I must farther ACKNOWLEDGE, that K. *William* was not only Glorious as Conqueror in the Field, but that he cou'd break and subdue Passions, and Command himself like a Prince: He has often said, 'Tis the greatest of Dominions to Rule one's Self and Passions. And for that reason he was Valiant Within, and maintain'd the good Fight with a stout Courage and Spirit. He not only Conquer'd Abroad, but shew'd a Christian Gallantry at Home, and was Vigorous in the Mastery of his Domestick and Closet Enemies. In a word, he made all bend and do homage to Faith

96 A Satyr upon King William.
and a good Conscience; and (as an English
Peer has often said)

Nothing but his Passions were his Slaves.

Alexander found his Domestick Enemies harder to Conquer, than a whole World: (For after all his Victories, he was subdu'd by a Creature in Petticoats.) But William III. cou'd Conquer even Himself, (and Passions) by being frequent and serious in Self-Converses.

I'll praise no Vertue in K. William that I can conceal, but (I must OWN) to Conquer Himself he made narrow and diligent Searches into the State and Workings of his own Soul; and consequently, kept up the Practice of Self-Examination, a most Inward and Essential instance and part of Godliness, but what (it may be fear'd) is now almost lost from amongst us. An Eminent Person, who had Opportunity to look into some Papers Written by K. William, he found such Questions as these in 'em, viz. *Have my Actions, since the last Sacrament, fallen in with what I have proposed to my self, as the great and governing End of my Life?* And again, *Am I chargeable with no Sins or Failures, but what do consist with Sincerity of Heart?* with many others of a like nature. Which plainly shew'd, that in the midst of all his Battles Abroad, he was

A Satyr upon King William. 57

was still Conquering the Enemies in his own Breast,

I could also add many other Instances of the great Satisfaction and Pleasure he took in his *Self-Conquests*, and Reading the *Holy Scriptures*: But tho' they are part of this *Secret History*, yet I shall wave 'em here, as 'tis more proper, to insert 'em when I come to Discover (and Satyrize) what his Friends call his *Undissembl'd Piety*.

To sum up all in a few words: I have AGREED with K. William's Friends,

That he was endow'd with that *Conduct* and *Valour*, which has rendred the Great Ones of the Earth Famous.

That he possess'd *Courage* and *Piety* in an equal, and the highest degree.

That such was the *Intrepidity* of his Temper in Battle, that he might be said to be *Fearless*.

That his *Vertues* were solid, and all of a piece.

I also AGREE with the *Williamites*, That it could not well be discern'd, to which, in respect to his Knowledge in *Civil* and *Military* Affairs, the Prize was to be given,

The Truth is, (tho' I have AGREED to what his Friends say of his *Conduct* and *Valour*) we shall always come short of him here, only Heaven can Reward him for what he hath done upon Earth.

And

And thus, (as I promis'd at first) I have shewn how far I AGREE with his Friends in what they say of his *Conduct* and *Valour*.

But, (say the *Williamites*) if you OWN *K. William* thus Valiant and Brave, and a Conqueror both Abroad and at Home; How is it possible you shou'd SATYRIZE his *Conduct* and *Valour*, or find one Flaw in his Martial Achievements? For our parts, (continue his Friends) 'We think his Memory at present shou'd be as pleasing to these Nations, as his *Conduct* and *Valour* was in Time past.

To this I Answer — *K. William* having all his Life been in a continual Exercise of Arms, this oblig'd me to give his *Conduct* and *Valour* the Preference to his other Vertues: And for that reason, 'tis the first Vertue I shall Satyrize in him. And I don't fear, (as impossible as the *Williamites* think it) but to find Flaws enough in his Martial Achievements, to Justifie the Title of this Book.

But supposing *K. William* as Brave and Daring as his Friends have Declar'd, and as I have AGREED to, yet (after all) it can't be said he was more than a Man, and I'm sure, as *Man*, he cou'd not be Faultless:

less: And therefore to (pursue my intended Method) I am next to *Satyrize* his *Conduct* and *Valour*.

I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Comfort, ' That her Courage was steady and solid; her Soul free from all the Weaknesses of her own Sex, and endow'd with the Courage and Strength that seem'd Peculiar to ours. When *K. Wil.* was Fighting in *Flanders*, she alone was sensible of his Absence; which she fully supply'd to these Three Kingdoms, by her Wise Conduct and Administration: Yet an Eagerness of Command was so far below her, that there never was so Great a Capacity for Government, join'd with so Little Appetite to it; or an Authority so unwillingly Assum'd, so Courageously Manag'd, and so chearfully laid down.

This was the Conduct and Valour of *Q. Mary*. Whence see the Advantage of being a **WOMAN!** for these very Perfections (by being found in her Husband) have lost their Lustre, and are what I am going to *Satyrize*.

I own (with *Matchiavel*) ' There is no thing gains a Prince such Repute, as his Great Exploits, and Rare Tryals of himself in War: And that *William III.* (if we an't mistaken) was the greatest Soldier that ever Liv'd. But supposing this, yet his

So A Satyr upon King William.

his Conduct and Valour is a fit Subject for
Satyr. For tho' he came to Deliver us
from Popery and Slavery, (for as Religion
is the most Justifiable Cause, so 'tis made
the most Specious Pretence) yet I dare as-
sert, They that level at Crowns, never
heed through what Bodies they shoot;
with a bold and most puissant Courage
they strike in, and adventure through all
Hazards and Elements, to make way to a
Throne; and if they once be Anointed, if
the Scepter be once Graspt, they have
done nothing that is Base; all their Failings
and Mischiefs are Baptiz'd into Gallantry;
they are at all Hands Flatter'd and Sooth'd.
Or were K. William's Conduct as Good as
'twas Brave and Daring, yet I can't see how he
cou'd Glory in it: For 'tis an easie matter to
contract a Familiarity with Danger when a
whole Army bears a share in it, and when
the eager Pursuit of Honour and Glory
makes us overlook the Horror of approach-
ing Death: But when she appears with the
ghastly Pomp of a Scaffold and an Axe, as
great a General as K. William, wou'd behold
her like other Men, and wou'd be terrify'd
at the sight: Even the Valiant Monmouth
(that ventur'd his Life in several Battles)
when his Army was Beaten, we find him
the next Week cover'd with a tatter'd
Cloak, and trembling, either with Cold or
Fear: And tho' (with the Brave Orange)
he had Fac'd the Roaring of Cannon, and
lookt

Lookt grim Death an hundred times in the Face ; yet he was sooner Taken, but thinging himself in the Hands of the Executioner, his former Spirit sunk into Pusillanimity, which made him Meanly endeavour to Ward off the impending Blow, by sending a Submissive Letter to K. James, *Assuring him, he had deeply Repented of what he had done against him ; and that he did from the bottom of his Heart, abhor all those that engag'd him in it.* But when he came into the King's Presence, his Majesty told him, *He was sorry for his Misfortune ; but his Crime was of too great Consequence to be left Unpunish'd.* And if the Valiant Monmouth Died with such Dread of Death : how can we boast of K. William's Courage, that never had the *Infallible Test, an Axe, or Starving.*

I OWN K. William never fear'd Death in the Field ; and was so Undaunted when it approach'd him in his Palace, that *He dy'd with the greatest Resignation, full of Charity, Courage, and Peace* (and this might proceed from the inward Testimony of a good Conscience) But (as 'tis a natural thing in all Men, to leave their Lives with Sorrow, and to take their Death with Fear) no Man cou'd warrant K. William Courageous to the last Breath, had he (as Monmouth did) gone in solemn Procession to his own Funeral.

62 A Satyr upon King William.

Or, granting K. *William* as Brave as the Protestants make him, That he was the Soul of War; and Fought like one that had never heard of the name of Death; yet still I shall own it no Vertue in him, but only say, If he was thus Courageous, he was *Unnatural* to his own Flesh and Blood; (*which sure is Dispraise enough*) neither can any thing excuse his Neglect of his Royal Life; when he cou'd not but know, the Happinels or Misery of his Subjects depended upon it: For when Princes are Kill'd, and the Crown falls from our Head; when the common Parents and Benefactors of Mankind, are Cut off and mingled with the Common Dust; how solemn, how mournful, and how universal are our Sorrows? (As solemn as the Judgment is Threatned, and as universal as the Loss)

Then, had King *William* been afraid of Death, and only taken Towns (like the King of *France*) in a Chimney-Corner; or if he wou'd have been Fighting the Enemy, if he had not still gone in the Front of the Battle, but Commanded his Army (like the Duke of *Anjou*) from the top of a Tower we wou'd have Thankt him for it, as it had preserv'd his Person; but seeing every Campaign Expos'd him to a Thousand Dangers, I can't think his Conduct and Courage deserves such high Encomiums, as some Fanaticks (both Churchmen and Dissenters) give it: For (as Glorious

rious as K. *William's* Valour appears) I shall endeavour to prove that some particular Failings, (for such I call Valour in King *William*) by their propinquity and neighbourhood to Vertues, do so resemble them, that they can hardly be distinguish'd from them; and so deceive many a one, who takes a specious Vice for a wholsom Vertue; So Revenge is often taken for Courage, Spiritual Pride for Humility, Impotence for Chastity, Security for Peace of Conscience, Presumption for Faith, Deadness of Heart for Contentment, and Tenderness to others, (which a *Turk* may have) for real Piety.

'Tis true, an Action with a good Intention, and bad Means and Circumstances, has less of Evil, than when both are bad; and a less degree of Vice is a comparative Vertue; but a Man may do Valiant Actions that en't truly Brave, for all Circumstances must concur to make an Action properly Vertuous or Good, one only suffices to make it Evil. Then (as much as King *William's* Friends boast of his Courage) who is so Wise as to know (in reallity) he was either *Valiant* or *Good*? For, *Novatus* like, we think to go to Heaven alone by our selves. Thus a General in all his Battles, may aim at nothing but Vain-Glory, or the satisfaction of some Passion; And indeed, all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) have their private Walks

K

and

64 A Satyr upon King William.

and their double Meanings, and that in those very Graces that look so Glorious and Bright: And this is seen in the *Divine* (as well as the *Soldier*) For is not the End of his Vocation by Preaching, to acquaint Men with the Will of God; by Praying, to turn the Wrath of God from the People, and to obtain a Blessing upon his Labours; and by Practice, to confirm such in the true Faith by Works, as he hath won by Words to believe and embrace it? But doth he tend this Errand? Alas! nothing less; for as soon as he has taken a Degree, and comes fresh out of the University, if he be cross'd in his first Preferment; then he grows Refractory to the State and present Government of the Church Establish'd; neither makes he Conscience to mislead others, so he may be the *Head of a Faction*, and be thought Somebody: But if in his first years, he meets no check, but gets Preferment, his Study then is to grow with the Times; and then he cannot distinguish the Warts, Moles, Scars, and Corruptions of the Church, from Perfections and Graces: His Study is not to Discharge One Cure well, but to procure and charge himself with Many; to heap Steeple upon Steeple, as if he meant to climb up to Heaven that way: And after all, to retire himself to a *Prebendary* out of the way, where (like a Bird in a Cage) he may be fed Fat, and get some new and higher Preferment, but never Sing more. And

And we are as much mistaken in the Vertues of the *Lawyers, Physicians, and Tradesmen*. And if Men are thus mistaken in one another, no wonder if we find Failings in *K. William*; for Conduct and Valour, and several *Natural Vertues*, for some resemblance betwixt 'em, are often mistaken for *Theological Vertues*; and deceive many, both in judging of others, and in judging themselves too; whilst, either they consider not the difference, or distinguish not betwixt *Nature* and *Grace*.

And therefore, (that I may farther lessen *K. William's* Valour) I'll next consider, what 'twas that prick'd him forward to Undertake with Vigor, Magnanimous and Great Actions. What 'twas? Why 'twas **CHOLER**; a Passion that is a Dishonour to any Man, (provided the Violences of his Actions are not proportionable to his Provocations.) 'Tis this which creates the Courage of the Valiant, and the Vehemency of Orators; 'twas this had a share, as well in the Victories of *Hannibal*, as in the Fame of *K. William*; but unless we deny Man to be Man, we cannot presume to say, That a Vice so Inhumane and Pernicious, is Natural to him.

Therefore, saith *St. Augustine*, 'The most Quick-sighted Philosophers, and whose Opinions approach nearest to Truth, believe that *Choler* is absolutely Evil; the

66 [A Satyr upon King William.

' cause, say they, the slightest Emotions
 ' of it, are Malicious and Irregular, and
 ' that forces us to Sin against Reason, at the
 ' very time when we do that which Reason
 ' commands us. We ought to have the
 ' same opinion of all the Humane Passions,
 ' adds the Holy Doctor; they resemble
 ' that Self love that gives 'em Birth; they
 ' are vehement, disorderly, and vicious like
 ' that; whereas the Fears and Joys, the Sor-
 ' rows, and other Passions of Christians
 ' that derive themselves from Charity, are
 ' Peaceable, Mild, Prudent, and Mode-
 ' rate.

I know the *Williamites* excuse this *Choler*, by saying, ' That *Choler* is as it were
 ' a Guardianess that Nature has provided
 ' for Men to watch over the preservation
 ' of all his common and particular Rights,
 ' and inspires him both with a Desire and
 ' Strength to defend them: For, (say they)
 ' this Passion enables him to repel Injuries
 ' which he receives from his Enemies, and
 ' arms him to Succour his Friends, his
 ' Kindred, and his Country; it assists
 ' Parents and Tutors in the Education of
 ' Youth, and Magistrates in the Punish-
 ' ment of Crimes. That without her, Man
 ' wou'd abandon his most Important Duties,
 ' and prove unprofitable both to himself and
 ' others. These are their most considerable
 ' Reasons.

But

But, to this I Answer — I deny that *Choler* is assisting to Man in the discharge of his principal Duties; in regard Experience tells us, That the Passions usually are the Principles of vertuous Actions, which Man performs of himself; and that this is the only foundation upon which the whole Machine moves. Only we say, that it was for want of observing the nature of *Choler*, that those Philosophers affirm'd it useful for the service of Reason, in private Revenges, in the Punishment of Crimes, in the Chastizing of Servants and Children, and in Magnanimous Actions. For that which Anger has common with the other Passions, is to prevent the Dictates of Reason, and darken the Understanding; but the particular qualities of it are, to be most impetuous and violent, and not able to contain itself. Which is evident in Private Revenges; where a Man, to do himself an imaginary Right, most monstrously violates the Rules of Justice; while nothing will serve him to wash off a petty Contempt, but the Blood of him that is by the Bonds of Nature so nearly related to him; sometimes losing his own Life, to Recover that which was never lost. Which is the reason that God has reserv'd *Vengeance to himself*; and that the Laws commit the Reparation of Injuries only to the Impartial, that never receiv'd them.

But

But perhaps the *Williamites* will say, That the *Choler* (or *Fury*, for they are much the same) he shew'd in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the late Revolution, &c. cou'd not Blacken his *Conduct* and *Valour* in those Places, as the *Violence* and *Courage* he shew'd in every Town he Fought or Besieged, was only to Revenge the Wrongs he receiv'd from the *French King* in the *Principality of Orange*; and from the late *K. James*, by his Inventing a *Sham Prince* to Disinherit his Wife of the Crown.

To this I Answer, That true *Conduct* and *Valour* not only renders a Man incapable of doing Injuries, but disposes him to bear with the Wrongs which others do him. A *Valiant Person* (saith *Aristotle*) never believes he receives an Injury; and consequently, that he is no way oblig'd to Revenge.

The *Peripateticks* complain'd against the *Stoicks*; alledging their Accusation to be unjust, That they uphold *Anger*: Since they only defend that Passion which follows the Dictates of Reason, which is never kindl'd, but when it ought, and as much as it ought to be; and which, in the Reparation of Injuries, never violates the Laws of Equity.

So that, except the *Williamites* think their King *Infallible* in the Art of War, and that he never Transgress'd any Rule of it, (which

A Satyr upon King William. 67

(which is more than *Hannibal* himself could boast of) they can't be angry that I Blacken his Valour with all the *Choler* I can find (or suppose) in it.

But perhaps his Friends will say, 'The *Choler* I discover in *K. William*, is no such Passion as is bred in the *Brusell* Appetite, Blind, Violent, and Frantick, and which, for the slightest Offences, flies out into Rage and Fury; but that *K. William's Choler* was at the same time, inform'd, soften'd, and regulated by Reason, and requir'd nothing from the *French King*, or *James II.* but a Revenge suitable to the Wrong receiv'd.

I Answer, That if the Motive that excites us to endamage another, aims only at particular Profit, which is the end that Men propose in Punishing, or the Publick Advantage, which is that of Ministers of Justice, it is both just and reasonable: But if it tend to the hurt of the Person, that is, if it be a desire of Revenge, and to reap our Satisfaction from the Pain or Vexation which the Party suffers, it is a Motive harsh and unkind; and such (were his Conduct and Valour as Matchless as his Friends pretend) I shall ever Satyrize.

But I know the *Williamites* will say, 'That *Choler* has the Chief share in all Warlike Atchievements; and therefore to Satyrize this in his late Majesty, is to be ignorant of the nature of true Valour.

70 A Satyr upon King William.

To this I Answer, That if a Commander has need of being Animated with his Passion, to foresee the Designs of his Enemies, to Range his Army in Batallia, to give out his Orders to Manage the Combat, and be himself in the Heat of the Conflict, we may thence conclude, that he cannot be Valiant, unless he be transported; and that he must be Mad (or Beside himself) to manage any Dangerous Enterprize. But for all that, I cannot but admire the General of an Army, *who is always Master of himself in Fight, even when Danger most surprizes him.* For we find, that the Valour not only of Commanders, but of private Soldiers, is most to be rely'd on, and most equally prov'd, where it is least boiling and precipitate. 'Therefore (says Plutarch) the Lacedemonians, before they join Battle, order'd the Flutes and Cornets to play certain soft and melting Airs, on purpose to temper the Heat and Fury of the Soldiers.

Lastly, If we do but reflect upon those Barbarous People, who have no other Courage, than I know not what kind of *Natural Rage*, that they never go to Fight in cold Blood, but as they are smitten with the Image of the Injury, which they often have, or believe they have receiv'd, they fling themselves into the thickest of the Enemy, without any Order or Government; but then it happens that notwithstanding the Strength of their Bodies, their Ability

to endure the Rigors of all Seasons, and the Hardships of War; and notwithstanding the Fury of their Onsets, they are frequently Vanquish'd by People more tender, and soften'd by Luxury and Pleasure. Story tells us, and every one knows after what manner the *Romans* handled the *Cimbrians*, hideous for Bulk and Stature, and terrible for their Aspects, who had already pass'd the *Alps* with an intention to Sack *Rome*, and Ranfack all *Italy*, yet Vanquish'd by *Marius* in several Great and Bloody Battles.

So that if the natural Fury of Savage People be not sufficient to make Men truly Valiant; how shall we believe that *Choler*, no less Blind, no less Wild and Impetuous, shou'd be the Soul of Valour?

But (may the *Williamites* ask) 'Whence 'then comes it to pass, that the Poets call 'Courage, a Noble and Generous Indignation, and that all the World takes Anger 'for Valour?

To this I Answer — It proceeds from hence, That *Choler* has certain Qualities that resemble Valour. First, It is Rash, and thence they believe it Active: It is Obstinate, and that passes for Stoutness: 'Tis Terrible, and that renders it Formidable: And then it is boldly Daring, which makes People imagine it to be Courageous. The *Vulgar* (says *Seneca*) take those that
L are

72 A Satyr upon King William,
*are inflam'd with Choler, for Persons Brave
and Courageous.*

But now, supposing K. William had nothing of Choler in him, but what was necessary in a Great General, and that his Conduct and Valour was as Matchless as his Friends describe it; yet still I assert, That vehemence of Choler that made him a Conqueror, was not the Strength of his Soul, but rather a demonstrative proof of its Weakness; for this same Passion growing in the Soul like a Tempest, rears it up, and drives it impetuously to and fro: So that altho' to outward appearance, the Soul may seem to act with Vigor and Strength, it is really a violent Force that tumbles and tosses her like an anger'd Sea: Which is more manifestly discover'd from hence, That Choler more easily gets the Mastery of Women than Men; of the Sick People, than Healthy; of Age, than Youth; of Men that live in Plenty, and softned by Delights, than of the Unfortunate, harden'd by Persecutions and Adversities.

Having Satyriz'd K. William's Conduct and Valour Abroad, I shall next Satyrize his Christian Gallantry at Home, (I mean that Victory he got over Himself and Passions) He was Valiant within, as well as without; yet I find upon some Occasions he was bewilder'd.

A Satyr upon King William. 73

wilder'd (even) in the Geography of his own Breast: For tho' (as I formerly hinted) he cou'd check and subdue Passions, and Command himself like a Prince; yet when this Religious King was (once) told, *As Union amongst all Protestants wou'd never be effected in his Reign*; it e'en Griev'd me to see what Confusion tormented him, what Violence transported him, and what various Designs agitated his Brain for a Month after, to Reconcile those *Uncharitable Differences* (as he was wont to call 'em) that was between his Protestant Subjects: He cou'd not bear *There shou'd be any other Distinction heard of among us, but of those who are for the Protestant Religion and the present Establishment, and of those who mean a Popish Prince and a French Government.* These were his last Words from the Throne. And I find his Royal Consort and He were both Equally Matcht in their Moderation and Piety: For, 'She had a Sublime Idea of the Christian Religion in General, and a particular Affection to the Church of England: But an Affection that was neither Blind, nor Partial; she had a true regard to Piety where ever she saw it, in what Form or Party soever: Her Education and Judgment tied her to the National Communion, but her Charity was extended to All: She long'd to see all Protestants, both at Home and Abroad, in a close and brotherly Conjunction; and few

74 A Satyre upon King William.

things ever Griev'd her more, than that
the Prospect of so Desir'd an Union van-
ish'd out of sight,

However, K. William and Q. Mary too
did all they cou'd to Promote it; and to
that end, all the Bishops they made, were
Men of great Moderation and Piety. So
that now we may cease to admire that King
William told the Commissioners that Ten-
der'd him the Coronation Oath of Scotland,
That he took it in that sence only, that he
might be under no Obligation to become a
Persecutor. He was so averse to Persecu-
tion, that he said but a little before his
Death, That he wou'd do his utmost for pro-
moting a firm Union among all Protestants.
And tho' it looks courageous to espouse the
Cause of his Ghost in this Particular, yet
(as I am to do Justice to his Vertues, as
well as to Satyrize his Failings) I dare as-
sert, he will be better belov'd hereafter
than now he is, by some Persons, who have
upon them the Double Prejudice of their
own Weakness, and other Mens Subtilties,
whereby they become Stubborn and Wilful
in the maintenance of an Imaginary Interest,
which they Superstitiously Limit to particu-
lar Persons and Things.

It must be confess'd, the Grumbletonians
of K. William's Reign, were those who fretted
and foam'd upon the Bit, because they were
not allow'd to Tyrannize over their Neigh-
bours, as in other Reigns. And there's as
little

little fear of Persecution now, seeing our Gracious Queen, from the Education of that Excellent Prince that lies in her Bosom (who to his Immortal Glory, has declar'd his Abhorrence of *Persecution*) as well as from every thing else, shews how necessary *Liberty of Conscience* is; And seeing our Gracious Queen has promis'd to Protect the Church of *England* in all its Rights, and to Maintain the *Act of Toleration* to those that Dissent from it, what is it we might not compass and arrive at, were all Her Subjects Riveted into one and the same Interest? 'Tis true, there be those of our Church that will tell ye, *The Papists are better than the Presbyterians*: Ask 'em how so? *Because* (say they) *the Presbyterians are worse than the Papists*. Hence such a Bustle, such a Clutter, such a Hurry; hence such canvassing at Elections, such bawling out, *St. George for the Church*, as if All lay at stake, when Nothing is in danger. But *K. William* wou'd often say, *Christ's Church was not limited to any Nation or Party*; and thought every good Man might go to Heaven with any Wind, and with any Name.

Now, if any shou'd Quarrel with me, that I'm for *Liberty of Conscience* to all Protestant Dissenters, (for, why shou'd we Imprison and Hang one another again?) I shall not think it worth my while to take notice

notice of them; for I do (with a late Author) equally Pity and Despise those Enemies of Humanity, who are fond of the worst sort of Popery, *Persecution*.

'Tis easie to prove, that hot and bigotted Men have been the occasion of all the Miseries of this Kingdom, both in this and former Ages; and therefore I admire at the *Impudence* of those, who dare recommend *Persecution* in this Reign, when Her Majesty has promis'd to continue a Legal Kindness to her Dissenting Subjects: So that Dissenters have as little to fear in this Reign as they had in the last. for they will never be troubl'd again with the noisy Nonsense of the *Jus Divinum*, of Servile Obedience, and Barbarous Oppression, tho' impiously Christned by other Names: For if after this, any remain among us, who are fond of Conjuring up this Airy Spectre and Ridiculous Phantom; it were Charity to send him a while to *Turkey*, that they may know their Doctrin in its highest Elevation from the *Sultan* and *Mufti*, and their Mules and Bowlstrings: Or, if the Journey be too long, they may only step over to *France*, and see what the state of Mortals is in the *Most Christian* Persecutor's Dominions, pursuant to the Resolutions of the Convocation, or Assembly of Reverend Idolatrous Clergy there, ever since the Year 1684.

I am

I am the larger upon this Head, as the *Fatal Animosities* (as K. William * calls 'em) amongst Protestants, did so often disturb his Breast, and dislodge his Soul from the natural Seat of her Repose; which, tho' it shew'd him to be a *common Father* to all his People, (as all he sought was our *Unanimity*) yet at the same time, the great Disturbance our Divisions gave to his Royal Mind, was *Satyr* enough upon him, as it shew'd he was but a *Man*, and (after all his Victories Abroad) cou'd not Conquer his Passions at Home.

I cou'd enlarge, but shou'd I Discover those numberless Thoughts (that he wou'd divulge in Private) that darkned his Understanding, those sundry Fancies, and restless Desires, that pester'd and entangl'd his Resolutions, (and all about *Uniting* his Protestant Subjects) I shou'd swell this *Satyr* into a *Folio*. However, I've said enough to shew the Disorder his Soul was in, when any wou'd Lessen his Glory, by endeavouring to make him FATHER but to one Party: And (sure I am) such Hot-heads as these can be no Friends to the Present Government; for I'm bold to say, That the Moderate Men on all sides, are almost the self-same Mind, about the *Surplice*, *Cross* in Baptism, *God Fathers*, *Kneeling at the Sacrament*, and several other Contro-

* In his last Speech.

78 A Satyr upon King William.

verted Matters, we often contend Words, when we heartily think the same Thing. But the lesser the Difference is between us, the more it Blackens K. William's Displeasure at it, and shews, he had not got an absolute Conquest over himself. Yet (that my Satyr may do him Justice) I must DECLARE he got so near to a Self-Victory, as to give not only his Allowance, but his Smiles to any thing that was Good; and was *Arbitrary* in nothing, but in Fighting his Enemies, in Reconciling Religious Differences, and Restraining the commission of Evil.

But why K. William's Valour and Piety shou'd be thus *Satyriz'd* (may some say) without Impunity, is a Riddle; especially under a Government which owes its Life and Being to the Matchless Courage and Piety of this Illustrious Hero. Did he not (say his Friends) Deliver us from Popery and Slavery at his first Coming? Did he not Fight our Battles for Thirteen Years? And at his Death, (so much Lamented by all good Men) Did he not leave us in the entire possession of our Laws and Liberties, and the Crown secur'd in the Protestant Line for future Ages? But (continue these Men) if Satyr be the Reward of such Eminent Services, we must (with Tutch-en) say, Ungrateful England!

To this I Answer — I OWN King William came not, either for *Greatness*, or to gratifie *Ambition*; he had *Greatness* enough of his own, and a large Command, and he brought it with him, and valu'd more being *Optimus*, than *Maximus*, (which is the best way of joining those two Imperial Stiles) yet he had not so Master'd himself, but he had Ambitious and Aspiring Thoughts in all the Actions of his Life; But (to do him Justice) he only aim'd at making himself GREAT, by freeing Nations from Oppression, and Procuring to all Christians, the Liberty of Serving God according to the Dictates of their Consciences.

But, after all the Hard Things I have said of his late Majesty, I am forc'd to OWN, (except in the HEAT of Battle, or when he beheld our DIVISIONS in Religious Matters) I never saw him shaken with the violence and strongest Tempests of Anger; (and were it convenient) I cou'd mention Twenty Instances, wherein REVENGE, with all its Sweetness, was too Feeble and Effeminate, to Encounter with his Heroick and Masculine Spirit. 'Tis true, when he was Fighting our Enemies Abroad, or Subduing our Corruptions at Home, he was Fierce and Inexorable; but

M in

80 A Satyr upon King William.

In all other cases, he still commanded CHOLER and WRATH, to make a mild Appeal to Vindictive Justice; and even in her Rigorous Courts he had several Inlets for his Mercies and Graces. How far this Character concerns K. William, none can so well judge, as those that have taken a Prospect of the whole Scene of his Life; perhaps the *Parca* never drew a more even Thread; perhaps History describes not a more calm and resolute Spirit under all Attempts whatever. Those that have seen him lay by the awe of Crowns, and appear like *Common Clay* at the Head of an Engag'd Army in *Ireland*; and from thence to descend from his Guard, and a strong Ship into a small Boat, tost under the hourly Expectation of a burying Wave, or an insulting Privateer; and after all this, should see him again in his Closet, with the same unalter'd Brow, must conclude that He has made uncommon Approaches towards the Nature of that *Immod' Being* that fixt and made sure his Crown. — So that to do him Justice, tho' he was *Cholerick* in Battle, and an avow'd Enemy to all *Bigotry*; yet he was Great, Valiant, and Good; he was Merciful and Just, and every thing else that Grace and Heroick Vertue could make him. — And I must add,

(In Spight of my S A T Y R)

That the Thirteen Years of his Government, exceeded the whole Reigns of all his Predecessors, and can only be out done by Queen A N N E ; Who has * declar'd, and as we see, has made Religion to be the principal Jewel of her Crown.

I shou'd next proceed to Discover (and Satyrize) what his Friends call his Humility, Mildness, Fidelity, Conjugal Love, Moderation, Wisdom, Industry, Generosity, Justice, Complaisance, Friendship, Sincerity, Magnificence, Liberality, and fine Speeches, &c. But for want of room, I must reserve these Heads for a Second and Third Part of my Satyr, which will Compleat the Secret History of his Life and Reign.

Thus have I Finish'd my First Satyr on King William ; which, tho' it charges him with many Faults, yet it makes him the Best of Men ; and for that reason, some will be ready to say, This is a Satyr, and no Satyr.

* See the Sermon Preach'd before the Queen and Both Houses of Parliament, Nov. 12. 1702. By Jonathan, Lord Bishop of Exeter.

22 A Satyr upon King William.

If my Readers will be such *Williamites*, I can't help it; for if I han't found any Real Faults in his late Majesty, I have labour'd to do it, by a narrow Search into his *Closet*, *Bed Chamber*, and *Cabinet-Council*, &c. But if after all my Endeavours to Expose K. *William*, his very Secrets were Pure and Holy, my SATYR is not the less a SATYR on that account; for if King *William* had Liv'd worse, the World shou'd have known it. But I fear length of Days wou'd rather have Brightned his Character, than have given new Matter for SATYR. For,

*As his Life went out, his Heaven came in;
And all was Bright without, and Clear with-
(in.*

So that (tho' neither his Birth nor Person, yet) his whole Reign was ENTIRELY ENGLISH: And as 'twas a perfect Mixture of *Church Zeal*, * and *Presbyterian Honesty*, he wou'd still have been gaining of New Laurels.

But K. *William* is Dead, and this SATYR may serve for his Funeral Elegy! But how can I say he is Dead, when his Matchless Conduct and Valour is all Reviv'd in the Illustrious *ORMOND*, and the Valiant *MARLBOROUGH*; who being Train'd up in the

* See the Poem call'd, The Retrievement.

Art of War, are become Great and Con-
summate GENERALS; and have taught
the French at *Vigo*, *Landau*, and other
Places, † *What it is to Storm Towns with*
Swords, not to Take them with Money in
Hand.

But tho' *K. William* be a Pattern for o-
ther Generals, yet in considering this Royal
Soldier as he was a *Man*, (without any re-
gard to his Vertues) I have found enough
(in his Conduct and Valour) to justify the
Title of this Book.

But, quo the *Jacobites*, (I mean those
Men, who, had they Power, have shewn
they want not the Will to Destroy us) 'We
'did not intend to be Banter'd; but we ex-
'pected a SATYR on *K. William*, that
'thou'd really Expose the Secrets of his
'Life and Reign

Why, Gentlemen, such a SATYR you
have here; but if it don't make *K. William*
so Black as you did expect, 'twas none of
my fault, but wholly the Fault of his late
Majesty, who never Spoke or Acted that
Thing in his whole Life, that deserv'd to
be worse Expos'd, than what you find in
this SATYR upon his *Life and Reign*.

† See the Thanksgiving Sermon, men-
tion'd in p. 81.

34 ~~A Satyr upon King William.~~

Or if all this won't justify the Title of this Book, and make it pass for a SATYR on K. William, 'tis but learning the Art of *Forgetfulness*; for that (tho' he was invited hither to Deliver us from *Papery* and *Slavery*) will change his Vertues into a Design to Subvert the Church, and that (whatever this Book may be) will be SATYR enough upon him.

To Conclude — Rather than this Book shan't be thought a SATYR on K. William, his very Perfections (by exceeding the measure of Humane Vertues) shall be call'd Vices: And for this reason (*A True-Born Satyr* tells us)

*Posterity, when Histories relate
His Vertuous Deeds, will ask, What
Giant's that?*

*For Common Vertues may Mens Fame
Advance,*

*But an Immoderate Glory turns Ro-
mance:*

*So WILLIAM's Life, Encreas'd by dou-
bling Fame,*

*Will drown his Actions to preserve his
Name.*

The Annals of his Conduct to Revise,

As Legends of Impossibilities,

Twill all a Life of Miracle appear,

Too Great for him to do, or them to hear.

F I N I S.



